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THE DREAM WOMAN*

By

JOHN LUTHER LONG

With *Pictures* by J. C. Leyendecker

THEY were nursing a handful of coals between them in a hole behind the intrenchments. Kelly looked off toward the sea where the sun would presently rise.

"We'll have some hot work, I expect, as soon as they can make us out," he mused sleepily.

"Yes," answered Gordon absently. He was staring into the little fire.

"Still dreaming?" smiled the older soldier.

Gordon's face frankly confessed it.

"The thing a soldier dreams of before going into battle is a woman."

Kelly spoke so softly that Gordon looked up. But he said nothing.

"Sometimes it is his mother——"

"My mother is dead," said Gordon.

"You should have been a poet—not a soldier."

"All poets are soldiers. They have made war glorious."

"That is why they call you 'Sweet Devil,' I suppose—because of the poetry in your soul and the glory of your sword," gibed Kelly, quite awake now.

But he saw that he had made Gordon uncomfortable.

"Who is the woman?"

Gordon tried to be frigid.

"Oh, don't! Can't you see I want an excuse for talking about—mine? We all have those moments before a battle. And you are the only man I can talk to in that way. I knew from the first that you were an ass like me. That's why I put you on my staff."

Gordon showed his amazement.

"Yes, grizzled, fighting old Kelly!" He, too, looked into the fire a silent moment. "I was to go with Custer to the Little Big Horn. She asked me not to go. I feigned illness. I wish I hadn't. She's dead." He shook himself. "I wouldn't give a hang for a man who doesn't adore some woman. He can fight better—he can do anything better."

"Mine," said Gordon, as if continuing Kelly's mood, "is only a dream. I have never seen her. But she lives, I know, and I shall some day meet her. I have dreamed her just as I would have her. I shall wait for her." Gordon smiled.

•

Kelly reached his hand across the little fire. Another attack of amazement held Gordon an instant. Then he took it.

"This is before the battle. When that comes it will be different with both of us. Now we are men. Then we will both be devils—and not sweet ones, either."

"I don't know," said Gordon. "It is my first——"

"I know," said Kelly. "It may be my last."

The sun shot above the sea with theatrical suddenness. Kelly put the tincups on the fire.

"We'll have some coffee to make courage for us till we are in it. Then we won't need coffee."

The light showed them both covered with the mud and grime of hasty campaigning. Kelly stood up and looked off toward the painted-seeming jungle.

"I think we cleaned that last night."

"I think so," said Gordon.

He, too, stood up—thinking of something else.

From somewhere came the wiry "whew" of a Mauser bullet. Gordon dropped and spilled the coffee.

"Little things like that are useful. They tend to make one think of the very present. Oh!—not hit, are you?"

Gordon's face was white, and he was pressing his chest.

Kelly ripped open his coat, then his shirt. He smiled a little. But he straightened his face instantly. Gordon reddened furiously. He had caught the smile.

"I've fancied myself hit when I wasn't within a mile of danger," comforted the Colonel.

Guantanamo was Gordon's first experience. He himself was quite uncertain how it would result. He understood his temperament as much and as little as any one else did. He liked his dreams and he hated slaughter. But always the thundering guns, the crackling rifles, the bugling and drumming expanded something within. Perhaps it was then that Gordon was the Sweet Devil. For then he would close his teeth under his little yellow mustache and do whatever the thing within wished. But, after it was over, the devil would go and the sweetness return—and then Gordon was likely to turn priest and nurse to the men he had killed and wounded.

"I hope the Marblehead will stand by to shell that jungle if there's to be more of this. It is not necessary to risk the men against an ambushed foe," mused Kelly. He went a few steps up the hill. Gordon followed. Each had a tincup. The "whew-pap" of a bullet striking made him dodge.

"Too late! After you hear the 'pap' it's all over. Not your call this time," comforted Kelly.

Gordon struck at some of the hardening mud on his trousers. But Kelly saw his blush.

"I dodged myself, you know."

"I KNOW THAT YOU ARE ONLY A DREAM—THAT I AM DREAMING NOW," SAID GORDON

*Copyright, 1899, by John Luther Long

"Oh, did you?" cried Gordon joyously.

Kelly had seen a little spit of dust on the hill where the bullet struck. He was projecting a line thence through their position toward the jungle.

"That clump with the three spikes," he said. "Better move in before they get our range. We've got theirs."

They zigzagged toward the intrenchment with the tincups in their hands, like men at a tea.

Four bullets raised four dustballs just beyond the spot they had quitted.

"Pap-pap, pap-pap," they went.

"Still trying for us," said Kelly.

Two more shots struck farther in.

Gordon began to show irritation.

"Let me have your glass," he said to Kelly.

Kelly handed it and saw his face.

"Hello!—has the devil arrived so early? That looks well. It is becoming, too."

Gordon laughed—for the first time—and leveled the glass upon the clump with the three cactus spikes. Kelly put his nose into his tincup.

"Probably a dozen," said Gordon. "It is a good cover for them. But they are getting careless. They are moving about."

Below them the firing-line had begun to answer without orders.

"Stop them," said Kelly. "We'll encourage that carelessness until we can put a volley into the spot. After that they won't need encouragement."

Gordon stepped down and stopped the firing. The Colonel had his tincup up. There was a flash in the clump and a Mauser bullet bored a hole through it. Kelly's face went white, and he leaped backward. There were some shouts of derision and some epithets from the clump. The white in the officer's face gave way to red. He swore at the men in the trench. Gordon saluted and reported. But there was a glimmer on his face.

"Oh! go to the deuce!" said Kelly apropos. But then he grinned himself. "Spilling my coffee! And it was hot!" He shook it off of his hand. There was another flash. Kelly was still shaking the hot coffee off of his hand. But there was blood with it. Gordon jumped to aid him. Kelly opened a button of his coat and put the hand within. His face was a little paler, but he had not spoken a word. Now he said:

"My own fault. After they once get the range with their Mausers they can put bullet after bullet into the same hole."

They zigzagged forward again.

A "Ho, ho, ho!" came from the clump shrilly.

"They'll find that dear coffee, I expect. It's about light enough for that volley. Order it along the whole line. Then take fifty men from D—" he slowly weighed the command—"I think fifty will be enough—and clean that jungle. Don't stop till every man is out of range or dead."

• • •

Gordon stepped to the line. Kelly went after his tincup, then swore because he did it. There was an irregular crackling of the Krag-Jörgensons. The clump shivered and disappeared, leaving only a stubble. Gordon leaped the works at the head of the charging squadron. Kelly saw his face and smiled.

He wondered that there was no firing as they raced on. But Gordon understood it when he reached the clump hot with the rage to kill. Eleven faces stared up at them. Five dead to-day, now; six dead yesterday—hollow-cheeked and blue. There was light still in the eyes of one other—the Lieutenant who had been in command. Gordon bent over him. The rage to kill was gone. He wondered pityingly which one had shouted "Ho, ho, ho!" a moment before.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. The Spaniard understood his face, but not his words. Gordon said them in Spanish. The wounded man held something out with a wandering hand. It had been at his lips. Gordon took it from him—the red leather shoe of a child.

"Juanita?" begged the dying man.

"Yes," promised Gordon. "Where is she?"

His lips framed a word. He could not utter it. Something hopeless came into his eyes. His arm whipped back upon the ground, the eyes closed.

Gordon put the shoe into his pocket and stood up.

"Take his sword and effects, Holland; he has a wife and child."

A sudden snarling of Mausers came from a thin screen of trees a hundred yards beyond.

Holland leaped up, ran a few steps with his hand to his face, then fell.

"Down!" yelled Gordon, the madness upon him.

•

Holland leaped up and cursed. He looked blindly for his rifle. There was murderous desire in his eyes, but he dropped back to the ground, crying.

Gordon wiped away the blood which Holland had spattered upon him as he flung out his hands.

The men emptied their magazines into the screen of trees; then filled them.

Gordon led them out of the clump to a small rise half way to the screen. There they dropped for another volley. Gordon forgot to drop.

"Now, then!" he screamed, "straight at them!"

The men went forward with a long yell. There was a counter yell. Fire flashed in their faces. They left two behind. Gordon cleared the grass. Something like a hot blast struck him in the face. He spun half round, clutched at the man behind him, missed him and fell, doubling down on his face. The line wavered. Some one turned him over. The air struck him and he leaped up.

"Forward!" he shrieked. "Forward—do you hear! Don't miss a man."

He tried to lead, but fell again, and again got up. The line swept on without him. A soldier stood by his side.

"Go on!" he commanded angrily, striking the man with his sword. "Let me alone."

The man went forward. Gordon saw that he limped and had no gun.

"If *he* can do that I——"

• • •

But suddenly he was immensely tired. He was glad to thrash limply back upon the ground and lie there quite still. He felt no curiosity about his wound. The one thing in his mind was rest—sleep. And he had these in a minute or two. For when he awoke the bullets were still spitting against the leaves overhead. His mind curiously distinguished between those which foolishly spent their venom in flipping through the fat tropical foliage, and those which viciously plunked into the soaked wood of the trees as into human bodies. He saw the shadows of his men as they zigzagged toward the ambushed enemy—dropping—firing low—killing. He knew this from the lessening number of shots which replied. Then he was glad of all this. It was as he would have ordered had he been with them. And they were *his* men—Americans! Hurrah!—hurrah!—hurrah! He half rose to shout it! But the dead officer? Why should he come into his mind at the moment of rejoicing? And the little red shoe? He was sorry he had given that order to kill.

He trailed back to the clump on all fours.

Holland seemed dead, but he shook him to life.

"Holland—take—order. No use kill all——"

Holland's eyes closed again. He had his hand over the wound in his face. The blood was creeping through his fingers; on the side toward Gordon tears had dried on his face. One was stranded in the hollow of his cheek. It made a clean spot in the grime.

"Say—Holland—don't cry," said Gordon maudlinly, and knew that he was crying himself.

The Spanish officer heard him and turned his face a little.

"Agua—agua," he whispered hoarsely.

Gordon felt the little shoe pressing upon him. He steadied himself over Holland and took hold of his canteen. Holland feebly gripped his hands, painting them red. But Gordon did not understand. His head was good for but one idea, and he was following one. He took the water and crawled over to the Spaniard. He meant to be very careful, but he spilled the water. The officer heard it gurgle out and opened his eyes. When it did not come he worked his dry lips a little and was quiet.

"I'll get back to—camp—and get—some," said Gordon, presently; but he did not move.

The Spaniard's eyes slowly opened and stared at the sun.

A knife lay upon the ground. Gordon took it up. He meant to put it back into its sheath, which he saw. He had a vague, foolish notion of doing something to make amends for the water. He reached it unsteadily forward. But it was snatched from his hand. He fell violently backward and knew that he had been struck by something. In the instant of his fall he caught a glimpse of a woman's face. He knew that it was his dream-woman—and then no more.

Yet he thought he saw his men return with two inert things between them. From one of them a little red stream trickled when they stopped, and one of the bearers was crying. He told the man to cry away.

He should have done it if one of the inert things had been *his* brother—if the one with the tiny stream trickling from him had been his handsome brother.

"For 'war is hell,'" he told him. "Cry if you like, and thank God that you can."

Then he asked them about the face, and did not remember what they said, for he had said and done none of these things. He was quite unconscious when they found him. But some of the things had happened, and some of them he had meant to happen, and some of them—like the face—were in his soul, and always would be. Is that strange? The doctors will tell you that is quite possible. The knife-wound was in his brain—and as for the rest, he was Gordon, the sweetest and bravest devil of them all, with things in his soul they dreamed not of. Gordon, who was afraid to stand up and be shot at—who dodged bullets—who fought only when he must—but who was at his best where a man was down and needed a drink of water or a sweet word to die with—or wanted something sent to a sweetheart or mother. Kelly, who knew so much of him, did not know this. But some one had found it out and called him Sweet Devil.

• • •

When he awoke on the hospital ship he saw the face again. It was looking anxiously into his.

"Can you remember now?" it softly asked.

Gordon stared up into it.

"Can you remember now?" it asked, now with agony and beseeching.

"I—remember—things—that never—happened!"

Then he noticed that his voice was hollow, and that it was hard to articulate. There was a smell of ether in the air.

"What—what do you remember—that never happened?" breathed the face.

"You."

"Ah—no, no, no!"

"I know that you are only a dream—that I am dreaming now," said Gordon.

"No," whispered the face, "you are not dreaming. I am glad that you remember again."

"Not—not dreaming? Let me touch you."

"You cannot raise your arms."

"Put your face against mine."

She hesitated rebelliously, and then laid her cheek against his.

"Thank God!" said Gordon. "That is true. That is not dreaming."

Hands covered the face from him for a moment. But they were exquisite, too.

"And you were *there?*"

The hands came down, and terror showed.

"Where—where?"

"In the hell—the hell of the fight. With the twelve dead—me—Holland——"

The terror grew.

"Do you remember? Do you remember all that? The doctors thought you would not remember. Thank God you do! No! I pray God that you may not!—*that!*"

•

Gordon smiled with the curious sense of surety which uncertainty gives the ill.

"Why, you were in my soul. How could I forget? Then you did not have the phylacteries of a Sister of Mercy about your face. I could see your hair—your face and hair and eyes, then. I remember best the hair and eyes. I would know the eyes alone. I have waited for you from the beginning of the world. I dreamed you, and God made my dream true. He sent me to you—you to me, in that place of hell. You are mine."

"No, no," she begged, "you have never seen me before. I was not at that place. No!"

But she plunged her face into the pillow. He knew that agony was near.

"Let me see your eyes—your soul."

At first she would not. But some rift of madness possessed her to have him do with her what he willed. She let him have her eyes.

"Were you not there?" he asked of the eyes.

She fell moaning away. He tried to reach her, but his arms were strapped to his sides.

"The wound," she explained.

He wondered.

"Where is it?"

•

She touched a place in his side.

"I thought—it was—my head."

Her face whitened and she hid it from him.

"Wasn't it my head?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Then he immediately forgot about it.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Yet stop, I know it. It has been in my soul—with you—always——"

But he could not think it.

"Juanita," she said, in three syllables.

A vast joy flamed into Gordon's face as he remembered it.

"But there is something sad and cloudlike about my recollection of it. Do you know what it is?"

Again he forgot before she could answer. "That is why I dreamed you. That there might be no other like you. That you might be quite as I wished. I knew you the moment you came."

The girl hid her face.

•

"But don't you understand that it is not sad? Don't you understand that in all this world God makes only two souls in many millions that are meant to mate? And even then some devil is permitted often to keep them apart. And even then, one will not wait for the coming of the other. But I knew and I waited for you—and the devil of mismating shall not keep us apart."

She staggered up and away to the door. She was piteously throbbing. Then she came back. Her arms flung out to him a moment madly, then she turned and ran from the room.

The doctor came and found him glaring.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Bring her back!"

The doctor followed his eyes.

"Who?"

"She—with the dream-face. Did you not see her?"

But he had his finger on Gordon's pulse now. He looked seriously down.

"Did you not see her?" insisted Gordon.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor; "I saw her."

He was going as he said it. To some one outside the door he directed:

"An opiate now—when he wakes, a stimulant. Humor all his fancies. Be careful of exhaustion."

• • •

She came no more, but he was not sad, and he made no inquiries. He knew he should see her again.

But Kelly—unwise Kelly—came.

"You certainly look a good deal like a wreck. But you are strongly on the mend now, and will be as good as new soon. Your promotion is sure."

Gordon took it from him—the red leather shoe of a child

He moved a little and touched a spot on Gordon's head that had felt cold.

"Trephined you, eh? Well, that's good. The Mauser wound wasn't half as bad as that. I wonder who the dashed woman was?"

"Woman?" questioned Gordon.

"Why, yes. A woman did that on your head, you know. I thought they told you."

"Go on," said Gordon.

"Well, that's all there was of it," asseverated the now cautious Kelly. "The men would have fired on her, but they didn't think you'd like that. She got away."

"I wouldn't have liked that," said Gordon dully.

"No!" she said. "You will forgive me——" now she was begging. "Americans can do that, they say"

"His wife, poor devil! You remember the little shoe?"

Gordon remembered.

"You'll be all right in a week or two, now. The operation was a success. Then we'll go home."

"I don't want to go home," said Gordon. "There is something I must understand."

"Well, I'm willing to guess at everything here, and exchange this whole infernal climate for one cubic yard of Pennsylvania air."

The doctor did not know why Gordon stopped mending and why his head got worse. Kelly had taken away his joy. And with that out of one's life what is the use?

* * *

But he was ordered home, as Kelly had said, and there was nothing to do but obey. They were to sail the next day. He asked to be taken ashore, and was rowed over and put in charge of Holland, who was a little less of an invalid than he.

He saw her then.

She flashed upon him down the narrow road like a glint of some joyous color. Gordon's arms did not invite her now, though they were no longer strapped to his sides. She understood. The red flamed into her face, then left it feverishly alternating. Her hands had half gone out to him, but were shamefully withdrawn. If she could have been awkward it would have been then. But she seemed only at the wrong place when she had fancied it the right one.

"Just to say—farewell."

Her nostrils fluttered. Gordon only looked at her—into her.

"Just to say good-by. That is what the Americans say. And it is beautiful. It means God be with you—does it not?"

"Yes," said Gordon with all the vast sadness Kelly had brought. "Good-by!"

The hands which had tried to go to him, and had returned empty, suddenly clutched at her heart. She turned away. She took one halting step—another——

"Stop!"

She slowly raised her eyes to his. But she suffered in keeping them there. His face—as his lips—commanded her.

"I must ask you something. You must answer. I must understand. You are in my soul. But I do not hope for you now. You know why I cannot. You have spoiled God's plan for us."

The girl's eyes left his for a moment.

"Why did you try to kill me?"

"I tried to save you," she pleaded.

"Yes. Why did you try to kill me, then try to save me?"

She looked up, groping for courage. But the blueness which follows death came into the hollows of her face.

"Do you compel me to tell you—you who can be sweet as a woman? Remembering that I am a woman, do you compel me to tell you?"

"I must understand," said Gordon.

"I will not!"

But it was despair, not defiance, that spoke.

"You shall!"

She answered with a plunge.

"I wished to kill you because I hated you. I wished to save you because I loved you."

Gordon staggered. Who could understand that? The wound on his head hurt. He felt for the first time the limitations of his understanding of things. The girl was sobbing. She hushed and went on sibilantly:

"You killed him. He was fighting—starving for his King—mine. I had food for him. I found him—you——"

*

She covered her face and shook.

Gordon spoke with infinite softness:

"Men who fight must die."

She lifted her face and flashed accusation at him.

"That was murder! He was wounded and you struck him with a knife. Then I struck you. But, oh! Even as I did it I—understood. I struck for your heart. But you bent your yellow head to me. And then your purple eyes wondered into mine. And even when I thought you had died they opened, and I saw the sweetness I had dreamed of but was never to know. I have told you. Let me go."

She tried to go, but his voice followed her.

"Do you dream, too?"

"Yes," she turned to say, "of you—of a man like you."

He did not understand. He thought of the man—the little shoe out there in the clump. Then the name came back to him. Something cold gripped his heart.

"I did not kill him," Gordon said sadly. "Men who fight must die——"

The girl's eyes leaped with hope. But then it died.

"I saw you," she said. "Your hand was red."

"From my wound," said Holland.

Juanita turned upon him as some new enemy. Two red spots flamed in Holland's pale cheeks.

"We don't kill wounded soldiers," he said. "We were all three down. He asked for water. The Lieutenant took my canteen and gave him some. I tried to stop him. I wanted the water. I made his hand bloody. He found the knife. He was going to put it back into its sheath. There is a stab wound on him, but not on the Spaniard."

"Then it was I—I who struck a wounded man?"

"Yes," said Holland.

"He helped him—his enemy—when he was dying—when both were dying—and I—I struck him? Do you mean that?"

"Yes," said Holland.

"And you?"

She made Gordon turn where he was going from her.

"I gave him a drink of water. Men who fight must die."

But she would not go. Some vast joy was growing in her face.

"No!" she said. "You will forgive me——" now she was begging. "Americans can do that, they say."

"Yes," said Gordon. "I forgive you."

"You are teaching me with every word to understand. Stranger!"

*

The curious word caught Gordon. He turned. She was on her knees, her arms outstretched.

"What do you—mean?" asked the soldier.

"Stranger!" she said again. But the word meant everything he could have wished.

He tried to be brave. But she was on her knees.

"Come," he said uncertainly, "to the turn of the road with us; come!" This much he would have of her in spite of the devil. "Come! To the turn of the road. Then I go to the ship—to America; you go to——"

He held out his hands. But he did not approach. He clung to Holland that he might not.

"No!" she said. "Not to the turn of the road!" She flung her head back and shook its splendid mane. "No! To the end of the earth. And you will let me. Life or death, right or wrong, you are in my soul. And you will let me?"

But the interrogation was only in her words. Gordon's face filled with reckless joy, and slowly he was going to her arms. Her mood changed. She knew.

"Stranger," she whispered, "in all the world it is the very same. Soul answers to soul. Mine answered to you, my enemy. I kneel to you. I!"

She bent her head. It was her loveliest attitude. Then she looked smilingly up into Gordon's face. Something glimmered there.

"Ah, Stranger, is it not sweet—but a little sweet to *you* as it is to me?"

"It is sweet," said Gordon.

"But your voice is sad?"

"Always it must be."

"Always? Always?"

"You are not mine."

"You will not take me?"

"My ship sails to-morrow."

"Will you not come back for me some day?"

*

Gordon's eyes drooped at what he thought wanton temptation. Suddenly he was tired.

"I will wait here—on my knees—if you will come back?"

Her voice broke a little.

"I who made you ill must make you well. It will take a long time. For still you are ill at the head. But I can make you well. Only it will take such vast love as I have for you—and which no other in all the world will ever have. What do you think of? What is in your eyes?"

Gordon spoke hoarsely.

"I am thinking of him back in the jungle—the little shoe—the——"

She bent her head contritely.

"Yes; so full of joy was I that I forgot—forgot—my sweet—dead—brother——"

Gordon leaped at her ravenously.

"Your brother!"

"Did I not say that? Did I forget? Stranger——" it was like the pleading of a child—"may I rise?"

He tried to reach the hands he had refused. She withheld them. He approached and she escaped a pace—two—three—— But there she poised temptingly and held him at bay. "You will come back for me?"

Something in his enraptured face answered.

"And I need not kneel here to wait? And if I go with you to the turn of the road must I then go my way?—and shall you then go to your ship?—and to the vast, vast America? Alone?—each alone?—forever?"

Gordon was advancing upon her. She did not retreat. Holland saw his face and thought of the assault upon the jungle.

"*To-morrow!*" he heard, and he saw her joy flash.

But she could say no more for Gordon had made it impossible.

The note of a bugle came across the water. Holland saluted.

"We must return, sir," he said.

. . . . . .

A Spring Wooing

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

COME on walkin' wid me, Lucy; 'tain't no time to mope eroun'
W'en de sunshine's shoutin' glory in de sky,
An' de little Johnny-Jump-Ups jes' a-springin' f'om de groun',
Den a-lookin' roun' to ax each othah w'y.
Don' you hyeah dem cows a-mooin'? Dat's dey howdy to de spring;
Ain' dey lookin' most uncommon satisfied?
Hit's enough to mek a body want to spread dey mout' an' sing
Jes' to see de critters all so spa'klin'-eyed.

W'y dat squir'l dat jes' run past us, ef I didn' know his tricks,
I could swah he'd got 'ligion jes' to-day;
An' dem liza'da slipin' back an' fo'e ermong the stones an' sticks
Is a-wigglin' 'cause dey feel so awful gay.
Oh, I see yo' eyes a-shinin' dough you try to mek me b'lieve
Dat you ain' so monst'ous happy 'cause you come;
But I tell you dis hyeah weathah meks it moughty ha'd to 'ceive
Ef a body's soul ain' blin' an' deef an' dumb.

Robin whistlin' ovah yandah ez he buil' his little nes';
Whut you reckon dat he sayin' to his mate?
He's a-sayin' dat he love huh in de wo'ds she know de bes',
An' she lookin' moughty pleased at whut he state.
Now, Miss Lucy, dat ah robin sholy got his sheer o' sense,
An' de hen-bird got huh mothah-wit fu' true;
So I t'ink ef you'll ixcuse me, fu' I do' mean no erfense,
Dey's a lesson in dem birds fu' me an' you.

I's a-buil'in' o' my cabin, an' I's vines erbove de do'
Fu' to kin' o' gin it sheltah f'om de sun;
Gwine to have a little kitchen wid a reg'lar wooden flo',
An' dey'll be a back verandy w'en hit's done.
I's a-waitin' fu' you, Lucy, tek de 'zample o' de birds,
Dat's a-lovin' an' a-matin' evahwhaih.
I cain' tell you dat I loves you in de robin's music wo'ds,
But my cabin's talkin' fu' me ovah thaih!

The PROFESSION OF THE PRESS
Education By It And For It
By Murat Halstead

THE death of Charles A. Dana, Richard Smith and Joseph Medill leaves Colonel McClure and myself, with the exception of some of the veterans of the weekly press, the seniors in active service in newspaper editorial work in the United States. Colonel McClure's golden jubilee as a journalist was celebrated three years ago. It was fifty years last winter since I first wrote for newspapers, heard remarks about the author of an "able article" of which I was the unavowed producer, and fell into tribulation for writing a lot of truth and making it a "signed article."

My language took on so much more power in the plain print of the plaguey sheet that was so indiscreet as to display it than it had in the manuscript, that I was astonished; and the extent of the circulation of the "popular paper" in the village where I thought I was going to school was alarming.

Once upon a time, at a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, at which President Grant and Senator Simon Cameron were present, I responded to a festive toast by the talented Chairman, and ventured to caution the brilliant array of Washington correspondents of the increase of force in their writings in proportion to the length of the wires over which the messages passed, and the added emphasis of the use of electricity in transmission. I referred to the popular impression that the distinguished men present had not been spared by the magnetic facilities that were rather mechanical than intellectual; that the thunderbolts of the press might not be so penetrating if they did not strike so far; and that the responsibility should be in the ratio of the reach.

It was said that the illustrious President and Senator appeared to find refreshment in the reflections that dismissed the press as a mechanical rather than moral or mental matter, but to be puzzled that I should be pointing out a structural weakness in a towering fabric. I had the purpose of being serious. The fact that some of the young men who have taken up journalism as a profession often, and others occasionally, mistake my earnest discourses for humorous essays, has afforded both entertainment and provocation. I have, however, never cared for the solemnities of the discussions whether journalism is one of the learned professions, and I have not discovered that any particular course of study is specially adapted to making the student a success in newspaper work.

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The truth is somewhere in the broad country between Mr. Dana—the most scholarly of editors, who in old age translated Russian poems, insisting upon learning the language of Russia for the enjoyment of its literature—and Mr. Greeley, who said the correct preparation for editorial work was to live in a printing-office, sleep on newspapers and "eat ink."

There is no learning that a newspaper man can master that he will not find useful in the occupation. The study of law is of very great utility in an editorial existence; and yet, when I addressed a Bar Association late in the night, responding to The Press, and opened with the absolutely earnest expression of regret that I had not been trained as a lawyer, there was such a roar of laughter, because my solemnity was regarded as mockery, that I took the hint and deepened the gravity of countenance, natural to a deep conviction, until it was uninterrupted sorrow; changed the current and color of my response, and kept the fun going. That was my most successful after-dinner speech, except a case in London when I followed an eminent Frenchman, and echoed his opening sentence—which was an appeal "to be permitted to speak in the language of my own country."

My theory has been, since the earlier years of newspaper experience, that all education was good for the editor, and that if he came out of the cornfields and fought his way through a few terms of teaching school, having to discipline the sons of directors with his fists, his highly developed muscles and skill in hitting fast and frequently when ruffians called to find out "who wrote that item about me," were striking educational advantages.

This carries us back to the time before the great dailies were edited through wires. The closest contact that the citizen having a grievance now gets with the responsible editor is for some other person to telephone him. Half a century ago the calls upon the "writer" of offensive paragraphs by irate persons whose names were "standing on the paper" were frequent and often difficult matters to handle. Out of this condition grew the story of keeping bears and bulldogs in secret rooms, as "responsible editors."

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There was in Cincinnati a case in which a slender and rather delicate man—the editor of a "sheet"—was set upon by a burly "contemporary" and beaten cruelly. Then the contemporary paraded about the office that was under the cloud of defeat for several days, walking repeatedly over a long bridge that connected the editor's rooms with the printers' and the press department. A stalwart pressman concluded to be "responsible," and gave the "contemporary" an awful thrashing, in which there was much bloodshed and even lamentable yelling. The victor in the battle on the bridge was called "the responsible editor" for a long time, and got a new suit of clothes and a "rise." The contemporary actually emigrated.

Those were the great days now much lamented, though little understood. They had their drawbacks. It is true there were not half a dozen journals in the land, each claiming to run the country, making and unmaking war, preaching the gospel from the text, "I did it all." Merely there were "the old masters" in the editorial chairs, and we are told their vast articles shaped public opinion. Probably there is some mistake about this. There was a consultation at Washington once in which three great newspapers were vouched for by three great statesmen; and it was supposed that the world trembled when the three mighty organs spoke on the same day to the same effect.

It was Daniel Webster who on this occasion "answered" for the National Intelligencer, and one of the times when Mr. Webster believed he saved the Union. He was hardly conscious of the real salvation he wrought in his orations, that taught the young men of the country the compatibility of the Constitution of the United States with nationality, and mustered the Western armies against the South.

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It has been half a century since the electric telegraph and the steam press came, hand in hand, to revolutionize the papers. The bright particular star of the press at that time in the Ohio Valley was George D. Prentice, a Connecticut man who became a typical Kentuckian, and was the most brilliant Whig and the brightest writer of his time. He adored Henry Clay, took all the lofty egotism of that superb dramatic politician seriously, was full of faith that Clay's statesmanship had the Divine favor and blessing, and that his chivalrous individuality was an alluring quality that made his election to the Presidency—in spite of the drift of history—obvious and inevitable. The great office is not, however, reserved exclusively for the men of genius who aspire to it.

Mr. Clay knew little of journalism, and was not partial to it. The chief duty of the newspaper of his party in his day was to publish his speeches, and editorial ability was most worthily employed in expounding and expanding his declarations.

MURAT HALSTEAD

He would have astonished any representative of the press who had attempted to "interview" him. His idea of journalism was that the newspapers were not worth minding in the hostilities they directed against a public man unless they touched unkindly upon his personal and private affairs. Then it was necessary that some one should be held accountable, and the trouble of locating the responsibility began. The papers that knew their leader were a convenience, but they should be careful how they published a great man's speeches.

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Indeed, the last time Mr. Clay mounted the stump at Lexington he refused to speak until the reporter of the Associated Press, who happened to be Mr. Richard Smith, was compelled not only to drop his pencil, but to leave the ground. The impertinence of sitting on a platform to write a report of what a great man was saying, to put on the wires without consulting him, was not to be tolerated. Mr. Smith did not lack a sense of humor, but he was shocked by Mr. Clay's prejudice against the press.

The duty of "organs" was to take the great speeches of mighty men after "revision" and "expansion" and run them through the editorial columns with annotations of admiration. The New York Herald did much to emancipate the press by relaxing the heart-strings of the people, overstrained by excess of adulation of the personages of our politics. There was a good deal of acidulous ice water in the Herald, but a public laugh is often wholesome, and there was great fun when the Herald smashed its own idols.

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Daniel Webster's death was just before the Presidential election of 1852. Strange as it may seem, it was considered an error for an alleged newspaper, on the Monday after that event occurred on Saturday, not to have the news that he was gone; an able editor who needed recreation and caused his Monday's issue to be printed on that memorable Saturday night was subjected to ribald remarks, until he grew tired and sad, and fled from a Western town to his native hills in New England.

The death of Webster was one of the first events to which the press of this country did immediate justice. The rapid growth of news telegraphing put aside for a time bear stories and original poems, but they are turning up in ancient beauty as modern novelties, like old fashions in gowns and bonnets.

In our Civil War time the press grew rapidly in business and public power, but there was no such reporting of any battle between the National and Confederate troops as of the Battle of New Orleans by Corbett and Sullivan. Nowadays, a skirmish on the other side of the world comes to us by way of Asia, Europe and the Atlantic, and it is hard work to find out what the date is and to settle whether you get the intelligence ahead of the events—the world whirls so as it wanders.

At the same time, the fact that distance lends emphasis, if not enchantment, has daily illustrations.

I admit freely that my early education for journalism was much neglected, for I was not accomplished in the art of complacency. My earliest offending in objecting to a popular cause and cry was in antagonizing, with such light weapons as I could handle, the crusade of Louis Kossuth, who came to us to overthrow the Austrian Empire with lectures. I could not see how we were to march from the Adriatic to Vienna, begin a career of conquest at Salonica, or ascend the Danube. Later there was quite enough to do at home, and our own Southern mountains and woods, valleys and rivers, grew historic. In justice to Kossuth, he flew the American eagle to a greater height than any other orator ever exalted the imperial bird, and made a masterly use of the vanity of our countrymen.

There is a tendency in the consideration of the press, as it develops progressively or otherwise, as in the estimation of the men who are important in their relations through official positions, or aspirations for them, to exaggerate the value and potency of that which was done in the times of which it is popular speech to say "there were giants in those days." The "giants" usually live in some other time or place. However big they were, they knew their own troubles, and others found out their limitations.

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Given the man capable of great things in the press to play the cables through the seas and the threads of copper and iron across the continents; heap his desk with the records of men and cities and nations, telling the story of the earth as it spins between light and darkness, and give him the typewriter and phonograph and presses that fling a-flying 100,000 papers in an hour, and he will not find them disabilities. The wires will serve him, and through the press his hand touches the broad field of the world with the living fires that light the ways along which we "double-quick."

The influences, mechanical and corporate, about the press may commend the commonplace, tempt the tainted and control the weak, but "a man's a man for a' that," as always, and integrity and intellect will subordinate money and machinery, however potent the one or marvelous the other.

The higher journalistic education is, in my judgment, in journalism, just as truly as the practice of the law educates lawyers; as participating in public life educates public men to perform public duties. The education of the preacher is in the pulpit. The editor is taught to edit by editing. The soldier is taught war in war. The banker is educated in the bank. What we commonly call education is but the preparation for the improvement of opportunity. Great men—those who make "the pen mightier than the sword"—are, according to Bulwer, the author of the phrase, the "entirely great"; and no school but that of experience graduates them. Greatness is a growth. Education is evolution. The great man rarely bounds into the arena with the suppleness of youth.

There are few endowments that overrule the trusty gain of hardship, and those rare ones are the sudden fruit of revolutionary eras that the chemistry of the air ripens with a flash. Good blood, brain and bone are the material needed for the beginning. There is a magic that transforms and creates—educates. It is the gift of continuance of hard work; the striking by flinty circumstance from the steel of the invincible will of sparks that are of the fires that purify, illuminate, transfigure and redeem.

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THE MAN WHO KNEW

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

WHO can say why it is that a crowd, as a crowd, is unintelligent? I refer to the crowd that congregates around the scene of an accident in the street. It may be composed of the most alert people in the world—it may, indeed, be made up of reporters who as units would ferret any secret out of anything; but as a crowd they will know nothing. You would think that one of them would have been on hand when the thing happened, but your investigations will prove that such was not the case.

Try it for yourself when you see a crowd in the street. Go up to a man on the outskirts and ask him what has happened. He will say, "I don't know," and will walk away in a shamefaced manner. Ask one on the other side of the crowd. He will look vacuous and reply, "I only just came."

Penetrate farther. Ask that keen, alive-looking fellow in the check suit. He'll know. But he doesn't, although he ventures an opinion. He thinks it is a runaway—as if a runaway would have any hope of a successful continuance in such a dense crowd. Don't flatter yourself that you are any better than your fellows, for now a woman asks you what has happened, and you lift your hat and say, "I really don't know."

Go a little farther in. There's a street boy. Now you'll have it. He will have learned by intuition what has happened. You ask him. He looks tired and says: "Ah, a felly got runned over." But his companion, another street urchin, contradicts him. "Ah, gwan. A goil t'rew a fit."

Anxious for another version of the accident, you wriggle your way toward the centre, but as the crowd becomes denser so does the ignorance. "I don't know." "That's what I want to know." "I can't find out."

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There's a young doctor with his grip. He will surely know. You ask him politely and he says, "I don't know. I've been trying to find out, as I might be of assistance." Probably he's looking for his first case. But he won't find it in that crowd, because not a soul in it knows what has happened. Even the person who is the cause of the congregation is probably stunned.

But your curiosity will not down, now that you have come so far, and you determine to find out what has happened, even if you become the nucleus of another crowd of know-nothings in the attempt. Scarcely anything that could occur on the city streets but has happened in the opinion of the different people you question!

"A child lost its way"; "a woman lost her mind"; "a mad dog has been killed"; "a mad dog hasn't been killed."

And now you come to the very core of the crowd, and you find a man trying to push his way out of it. You ask him what has happened, and he says, as he lifts his hat courteously, "A crowd of idiots has assembled."

And indeed he speaks truth.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is the fourth in a series of papers on The Choice of a Profession. It is the purpose of the POST to print from week to week these practical papers by men who have achieved national success in their respective callings. The papers which have already appeared are:

Medicine	Dr. George F. Shrady	February 18
Law	General Stewart L. Woodford	April 22
Navy	Robley D. Evans, Capt. U. S. N.	May 6
Journalism	Murat Halstead	May 20

In early numbers will follow:

The Ministry	Newell Dwight Hillis.
The Army	Major-General Joseph Wheeler.

The East While You Wait
MY TRAVELS AND TROUBLES IN THE ORIENT

By ROBERT BARR

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Paper Number Two

SURROUNDING Baalbec, but principally to the west of it, the highlands are inhabited by a remarkable tribe called the Druses. The chances are that these people are relatives of ours; but be that as it may, the Druses have a strong liking for the English.

Their origin is in doubt, though they themselves think that they came originally from China, which is rather remarkable, for usually the people of Syria are densely ignorant, especially so far as geography is concerned. In appearance they have little in common with the modern Chinese. The Druses are big, fair-haired, stalwart men, with a complexion much whiter than that of the Arab or the Turk, and they have an independent swing in their walk which differs much from the attitude of the average Eastern person.

It is thought by some students of antiquity that the Druses are really descended from the English and the French. It is asserted that a body of Crusaders became detached from the main Army, defended themselves as well as they could, but were finally driven to the mountains. There, being tired of a fruitless war, they settled down and took to themselves spouses from the hill tribes which they joined, somewhat after the manner of the shipwrecked sailors of the Spanish Armada on the coast of Ireland.

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A TRIBE OF HEATHEN WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR

The Druses are a most admirable people; they are extremely hospitable, invariably refusing money for the services they may render a traveler, and they are always fond of a joke. They are about the only people in Syria with any comprehension of humor. Living in the territory of the Turk, they pay neither tribute nor respect to him, and the Turk, up to date, has been quite unable to bring them under the yoke of the Empire.

I had my first sight of the Druses in Beyrout, and took them for important officials from the way they swaggered around the town, and from the fact that each had a gun slung around his shoulder, for the Turks allow no one but themselves to carry arms. They pretend not to see the armed Druses, and the latter do not seem particularly to care whether they attract the attention of the Turks or not. If any foreigner enters Turkey with even the harmless, necessary revolver, it is taken from him and confiscated.

A man we met in Damascus succeeded in getting his revolver and a number of cartridges through, but that was by taking the inner works of a kodak out and placing in the box his pistol, surrounded by the cartridges. The Turks are so accustomed to kodaks that they allowed him to pass without question. The Druses, however, do not ask the permission of the Turks to carry their guns, and the Turks keep mum.

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THE SULTAN'S CONFIDENCE GAME

About 65,000 Druses inhabit the Mountains of Lebanon, and some 10,000 more are found in the Hauran district beyond Damascus. There, too, is located the tribe of Maronites, a large community which numbers, all told, something like 135,000. Like the Druses, the Maronites occupy the country on both sides of Damascus, largely inhabiting the Mountains of Lebanon. The Turks promised the Druses the lands of the Maronites, and promised the Maronites the lands of the Druses. They also stirred up ancient enmities between the two peoples, fearing that they would unite and sweep Turkish rule from Syria.

The Maronites being largely in excess of the Druses in numbers, the Turks succeeded in persuading them to disarm, and then joined the Druses in attacking them. Naturally the disarmed people suffered heavily. Peace was patched up between the two tribes in the early sixties, but various writers inform us that the ancient enmity between the Druses and the Maronites has continued.

I did not find this to be the case. Our dragoman was a Maronite, and he certainly stood high in the esteem of the Druses. By what I could learn from the latter, they are now "on to" the game of the Turk, and the Sultan has moved his thimble-rigging performances farther west, and is playing his little dodge with great success on those simpletons—Russia, England, France and Italy.

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ORDERING UP A SECOND SERVING OF TURKS

Much happens in the Lebanon Mountains that does not get into the papers. A while ago the Turks sent an expedition from Beyrout against the Druses, who were becoming too independent to be bearable. The Turkish battalion disappeared into the valleys of Lebanon, and for some days there was considerable anxiety concerning them. But at last there appeared at Beyrout a tattered Druse, badly cut up, who said his people had been defeated after a terrible battle, and that the two enemies now occupied positions opposing each other, neither daring to attack.

Seeing that the Druses could not withstand the might of the Turkish Empire, he had deserted his comrades and had come to swear allegiance to the Turk. As a matter of good faith, knowing all the paths of the mountains, he had brought a message from the leader of the Turkish expedition, who asked the commander at Beyrout to send him reinforcements instantly, which this Druse would guide to the place where they were most needed.

Another band of soldiers was at once dispatched under the guidance of the traitorous Druse. He led them into the mazes of the mountains and up a high valley, where he triumphantly pointed out to them the Turkish flag waving over a large body of men in Turkish uniform. Suddenly the guiding Druse disappeared into the wilderness, and from all around fire blazed forth on the unfortunate Turks, who thus, too late, realized that they had been trapped.

The Druses had taken in the first expedition and wiped it off the face of the earth, not a man escaping. Being still unsatisfied, now that their fighting blood was up, they had calmly ordered on another regiment, which they also decimated, just as a hungry man would call for a second helping at a restaurant.

After this double victory the Druses thought of going down to Beyrout itself, to make things interesting and lively in that village; and it was not fear of the forces they would meet that hindered them, but the fact that so many foreigners lived at Beyrout, some of whom would be sure to get hurt and thus bring on outside intervention. This was the case when Napoleon the Third sent 10,000 French soldiers to keep the peace in Lebanon, about thirty-eight years ago. They, however, forwarded a polite letter to the Turkish commander at Beyrout, requesting him to send larger men next time, as the Turkish uniforms they had captured were of too small a size. Thus it comes that, although the rich people of Beyrout go up to the Mountains of Lebanon in the summer for their health, Turkish officers have come to the conclusion that the mountains are not a suitable health resort for their soldiers.

—forwarded a polite letter to the Turkish commander, requesting him to send larger men next time, as the Turkish uniforms they had captured were of too small a size

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STUDYING TO PLEASE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS

A missionary who had spent many years among the Druses gave me some interesting particulars about their religion and habits. He says that they are the most difficult people to live among in an evangelical way that he ever had any experience with. They will agree cordially with everything a missionary says, they will join with him in prayer and do anything he wishes, but they stick to their own religion just the same. The faithful are enjoined to conform to whatever religion is dominant around them, but to remain true in their hearts to their own.

Thus they will worship quite complacently in a Mohammedan mosque or a Christian church. They never pray, as they look upon prayer as an impertinence toward the Almighty. They believe in one passionless god who is all-wise and therefore needs no advice from this earth. They will allow Mohammedans or Christians to enter their churches, but when a Mohammedan visits them they cease their own form of worship and begin reading the Koran. When a Christian comes, they read the Bible.

They do not practice polygamy, but treat women with a respect similar to that of civilized nations, teaching them to read and write—something which every Druse woman is able to do—thus forming a striking contrast to their Moslem neighbors. They have seven commandments, the first and greatest of which inculcates absolute truth; but that is only between Druse and Druse, for they may lie as much as they like to the outsider; it is not counted against them.

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They make no attempt to proselyte other people, for they know it would be useless, as the gates of Heaven were finally closed something like 800 years ago. They believe in one indivisible God, but they have had ten Christs, the last being Hakim, whose full name is El Hakim bi-amriillah Aboo 'Alee Mansoor, who held the gates of Heaven open for thirty-six years, during which time all mankind had a chance of salvation. The gates were at last closed in the year 1020. It seems rather illogical of the Druses to shut out from Paradise everybody born since that time. They say that no more Christs will appear, and that when Hakim finally returns it will be to conquer the world.

Hakim, by the way, who was Caliph of Egypt, seems to have been the worst and most tyrannical ruler that ever reigned in that much misgoverned country. He became so unbearable at last that his sister arranged for his assassination, which duly came off, to the satisfaction of all the people of Egypt and the surrounding countries.

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TRYING TO SPARE THE FEELINGS OF THEIR PASTOR

Although the Druses are a warm-hearted, hospitable, free-handed people, yet once their suspicions are aroused they are as cruel as fate, and in war they are relentless, as has been shown more than once. The missionary of whom I speak was once jogging up to his station in the mountains on a donkey. He lived in Beyrout, and visited the Druses as occasion might require.

A friendly member of the tribe met him in a secluded spot, and told him with fear and trembling that the Druses had received information which pointed to his being a spy in the employment of the Turkish Government. As the Druses did not wish to give him unnecessary anxiety or hurt his feelings in the least, they had determined to cut his throat that night while he slept. The missionary was not too far in the Druse country to retreat, had he been so minded, but as a matter of fact he determined to go on in any case, as he had announced that he would visit them for three days. He knew that when he got particulars of their suspicions against him he could easily disprove the charge, but he knew, also, that the Druses could execute first and investigate afterward, which knowledge was somewhat discomforting.

He met his parishioners near the large tent in which his services were held, and there was nothing in their demeanor to show that they intended to assassinate him, although he noticed that the women seemed rather sorrowful. He greeted them cordially, and was as cordially greeted by them in return, but he gave them no indication of his acquaintance with their murderous intentions toward him.

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A MISSIONARY SCHEHEREZADE

That evening, after holding services, the Druses, men and women, gathered around the central fire in the big tent, and the missionary told them of a story he had lately been reading, which was Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island. Having aroused their curiosity regarding it, they pressed him to relate some of the incidents.

He recited from memory, translating the absorbing novel from the original for the Druses. The missionary was staking his life on the device which saved the newly wedded wife of the Caliph and gave to the world the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

A couple of breathless hours passed and the Druses listened to the recital with absorbed interest. At last the missionary paused, yawned and said he was tired from his long ride up the mountain, and would go on with the tale next night. He slept peacefully till daylight, his throat uncut.

The next night and the next again he worked off on those interested Druses the well-known serial formula of "to be continued in our next." He left them with the story still unfinished, promising them to complete it when he returned again from Beyrout.

From that city he sent them conclusive proof that he was not the traitor they suspected him of being, and that he had no more communication with the Turks than was necessary in arranging the right of domicile. And to this day he passes among them scathless, giving them now and then, by word of mouth, free translations of interesting English literature.

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How a Consul Helped a Kansan to Syria

EX-CONSUL PRESSLEY, of Georgia, who represented this Government at Marseilles in Cleveland's Administration, describes an experience he had with a family during his last year of office. It happened two days before the Mediterranean liner for Beyrout sailed. A spare, bronzed man with chin whiskers came to his office.

"Are you an American?" asked Mr. Pressley.

"From Kansas. My name is John Brown Smith. Me and my family want to go to Syria. When can I get the paper?"

"Within a few days."

"You couldn't make it to-morrow, could you?" inquired Mr. Smith. "You see, I must catch that steamer. If I wait until the next one I won't have money enough to buy blankets to keep us warm on the decks at night. It's a ground-hog case. I've got to have it or freeze."

Mr. Pressley handed over the paper in ample time.

"Now tell me," he asked, "what induced you to move to Syria? Do you know any one there? Ever been there?"

"Don't know no one. Never was outside of Kansas before in all my life. You see, it's just this way. We haven't had no rain in Kansas for a spell of a couple of months, and me and the old woman decided to sell out and go somewhere else. We looked over our geography and read our Bible and sort of fixed on Syria."

"Don't you know, Mr. Smith, that it doesn't rain in Syria for six months at a time?"

Mr. Smith shook his head dubiously. "Well," he said, "we've got this far, and I guess we'll stick it out."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the second in a series of four which Robert Barr has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on his travels and troubles in the Orient. The others will follow in early issues.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The Sympathetic Side of the Late Justice Field

The late Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, was generally regarded by lawyers as a somewhat irascible old gentleman. But an anecdote of the venerable jurist by Master in Chancery William Fenimore Cooper, who formerly served as a page in the Supreme Court, shows that beneath his cloak of austerity the eminent jurist concealed a second nature that was sympathetic, charitable, and even tender. Mr. Cooper is now an officer of the court in Chicago. Since the death of the much-discussed Justice, Mr. Cooper has consented to talk of the days when it was his privilege to see the phases of Justice Field's life little known to the outside world.

"It was Mr. Field's custom to provide himself with new banknotes from the United States Treasury Department," said the Master in Chancery. "These he carried in a long, old-fashioned pocketbook. He would never fold a bill, and expressed his unqualified displeasure when he received in change a soiled or old banknote. The world will never know of the almost interminable drain that his daily charities made on the contents of that enormous leather 'wallet.' I have carried many a messenger of cheer to the home of poverty at his bidding.

"While in a peculiar mood one day, Justice Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall felt humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Court adjourned for two hours, and upon the return of Justice Field to his chambers he sent me for McCall.

"'Come to my house at seven o'clock this evening' was the only order Justice Field had for the page he had censured. With mingled feelings of doubt and despair, my colleague called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library, and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves. When the veteran lawyer had piled about fifteen volumes into Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"'Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you to-day. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good-night.'

"Justice Field never alluded to the incident which I have just related."

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Explorer Peary's Discipline

Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, whose ship, Windward, failed to return from the polar regions last fall, according to arrangement, is probably living on shore upon or among the icebergs.

ROBERT E. PEARY

Lieutenant Peary stands for two principles in Arctic exploration which are original with himself. He uses the Eskimo clothes of fur, while all other explorers wear a European modification of that dress. He also lives on shore when possible, and not on his ship. Life on a ship in the pack ice is described as being one of the most nerve-racking experiences. The constant danger of being crushed, and the everlasting grinding noise as the vessel is moved to and fro by the ice, are distracting, and, according to Mr. Peary, detract largely from the efficiency of an exploring party who rely upon nerve and enthusiasm to accomplish results.

Peary has other peculiarities, some of which were related by one of his former companions the other day. The explorer is a strict military disciplinarian. On one of his expeditions he instructed a man as follows:

"I want you to start early to-morrow morning for a certain glacier ten miles away (describing it) and march up it for one mile, where you will find a big rock. Cross around it at this point and go down to the ice. There you will meet a boat. Proceed to the walrus grounds and kill fifteen."

The next morning the man started out for the glacier, and toiled up its sides for two miles to the rock, but he found no path there leading to the grounds. So disregarding his instructions, he found a way for himself, and at length reached the boat. He was unable, however, to kill more than five walruses, which may be regarded as a big "bag."

When he returned to camp the explorer was highly indignant, and no explanations were of any avail.

"I gave you my orders," he said.

"I know it, sir, and I did the best I could."

It came out later that Peary's knowledge of the path around the glacier had been gained solely through field glasses.

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Giving Beresford Everything in Sight

"I made the acquaintance of Lord Charles Beresford in Mexico some years ago," said a veteran diplomatist. "I met him first at a dinner at the Jockey Club, tendered by prominent officials and citizens—a party of twenty or more—where he was treated with great distinction. According to the etiquette of Mexico, his hosts made him a present of everything he admired. 'It is yours, Señor,' is the common phrase. They do not mean anything by it. It is simply a polite way of acknowledging a compliment, and Lord Beresford was very much amused.

"As I shook hands with him the next morning at the Iturbidi Hotel, fearing that he did not remember me, I remarked: 'I had the pleasure of meeting Your Lordship at dinner last night.'

"'I remember you very well,' he said. 'I remember you better than any one else, because you were the only man in the party who did not give me a house.'"

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Ian Maclaren Mistaken for a Sporting Parson

A new story comes from the far West concerning Ian Maclaren, who was lecturing this spring through that region. It was in a small city, and Doctor Watson was the guest of a local clergyman. Wanting to refer to a "terrier," the common or profane title of a work upon ecclesiastical law, he asked his host for the loan of his terrier.

"But I haven't one," stammered the host.

"You ought to have. I don't see how you can get along without a terrier. I never could."

The next day, after the lecturer had gone, the clergyman commented rather unpleasantly upon "these sporting English parsons" whom he had often read about but never had met before, but, fortunately for the good names of both men, a mutual friend explained that the "terrier" the lecturer really wanted was not the kind of a terrier his host thought Doctor Watson wanted.

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Why Max Nordau is a Pessimist

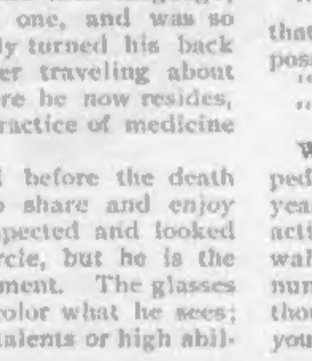
Why a man like Nordau should have written such a book as Degeneration is not difficult to understand. Hatred was his inheritance. His father—a Prussian and originally a rabbi—at the time his famous son was born, earned a precarious living teaching Jewish children in Budapest.

Young Nordau was brought up in abject poverty, and at the age of sixteen supported his entire family on twelve dollars a month, his earnings as man-of-all-work on Der Zarschenact. His boyhood was one of bitter privations, hard work and endless persecution. There is no sympathy in Budapest to-day for Germans, less for German-Jews. Forty years ago the oppression they suffered was intolerable. To live in any comfort, Germans pretended to be Magyars, and spoke their language; but this pretense deceived no one, and was so hateful to Nordau that he finally turned his back upon his native city, and, after traveling about the world, settled in Paris, where he now resides, dividing his time between the practice of medicine and literary work.

His earnings are large, and before the death of his parents they were able to share and enjoy their son's success. He is respected and looked up to in a certain literary circle, but he is the victim of his birth and environment. The glasses he looks through distort and color what he sees; but there is no question of the talents or high ability of the man.

At an age when most lads begin to con their multiplication table he was writing essays, and at fourteen began to earn money with his pen. Two years later, when young Nordau was on the staff of Der Zarschenact, to his many other duties was added that of dramatic critic, and every evening was passed in a stall at the opera. So small was he, and so young, that a kindly old compositor on the paper offered to conduct him from the office to his home after his duties were over and the paper gone to press.

Max Nordau dislikes above all things to be known as a specialist. The book that established his fame as a writer and a philosopher was Conventional Lies, published in 1883. Far and wide he was known as the author of this book. To dissociate his name from it he wrote Degeneration, and to dissociate his name from that success—for commercially it was a tremendous success—he wrote a play, The Right to Love. But his name will always be associated with Degeneration.



MAX NORDAU

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New York's Doctor-Lawyer

Dr. William J. O'Sullivan, who is conducting the defense of the New York City officials before the Legislative Investigating Committee, is one of the most striking men in the metropolis in appearance. His hair is prematurely white. His complexion is that of a child's in freshness, and his figure is as slender and trim as it was when he revolutionized the practice of criminal law as to the employment and examination of medical experts in the famous Buchanan poison case.

The Doctor is first of all a student. He has a degree from Edinborough University, and three more from Yale. For years he was the State Veterinarian of Connecticut. Then he took up regular medicine, and, last of all, law. The Doctor's appearance as Mr. Croker's adviser is regarded as singular, because it was only a few years ago that he left Tammany Hall on account of Mr. Croker's officiousness.

The secret of the Doctor's meteoric successes lies in his remarkable versatility, extraordinary memory and power of concentration. He literally absorbs knowledge. In reading a book he almost memorizes it. During the murder trials which he conducted he was the dread of all the medical experts called. He knew more about the various authorities and the most recent cases by far than they did. It was during the Buchanan trial that he won his first great fame. Some of the most famous doctors in the country were witnesses for the opposition.

The doctor-lawyer produced a figure representing a human brain, and each witness was asked his opinion of it. They unanimously pronounced it a defective cast of a brain such as is used in college lecture-rooms. This went on for two or three days, and the witnesses grew more and more firm in their statements. It was not only a cast, but it was a bad one, and resembled most anything more than it did a brain. The fourth day a small man was called to the stand. He was instantly recognized as one of the leading medical professors in America. He was asked to look at the alleged brain.

"Have you ever seen it before?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied the medical professor.

"May I ask you to tell the honorable jury and these learned medical experts what it is?"

"Yes, sir. It is the brain of a charity patient who died in our hospital. I took out the brain and preserved it myself. There is nothing abnormal about it."

MADAME NORDICA

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Mrs. Nordica-Doema

Mrs. Lillian Norton-Nordica-Gower-Doema was born in Maine about thirty-five years ago, and has reached her position as one of the world's leading singers by merit coupled with the hardest kind of business sense. Two years ago she married Sultane Doema, a tenor singer.

The marriage of a popular prima donna does not injure her professionally as it does an actress. She appeals more to women than to men, as a rule. Last season Mrs. Doema lived at the Waldorf Hotel, and she has been able to afford it, as, through her industry, she has received a salary nearly as large as President McKinley's. Once a week Mr. Doema, who has what actors call "at liberty," has repaired to the obscure business office in the Thirty-ninth Street side of the Metropolitan Opera House and drawn his wife's salary as her agent.

They are very fond of each other, these singers. She is in the very prime of her robust beauty, and he is an athletic chap, dark, low-browed, slender of waist and deep of chest. He is said to have a voice of more than ordinary purity and flexibility, and is an actor of much talent.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

How Rostand Silenced a Critic.—Rostand, the famous author of Cyrano de Bergerac, has a cheerful habit of silencing unpleasant conversationalists. Not long since a critic said: "In respect to dramatic situations, I think Dumas the elder had a considerable advantage over you."

"Yes," replied Rostand, "there is no doubt about it, but that is insignificant compared to another advantage he possesses."

"What is that, monsieur?"

"Why, all his contemporary critics are dead."

Walker Weston's Hale Old Age.—The father of long-distance pedestrianism is still a hale, vigorous man of sixty-odd years, who uses the street cars less than any other man in active business life in New York. He is Weston, who, in 1869, walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago within a specified number of days. He is as active now as then, and recently thought of entering one of the six-days' matches to show the youngsters how races should be won.

Professor Haupt's Menu on Bricks.—Professor Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, one of the world's cleverest scholars of the Semitic languages, at a meeting of savants in Stockholm contributed to the amusement of his colleagues by writing a menu in cuneiform for a banquet given in their honor. The tablets bearing this menu were supposed to have been recently discovered and translated into French.

Gould's Suggestions for a Yacht-Book.—Howard Gould, son of the late Jay Gould, and a yachtsman of no mean ability, lately offered some valuable suggestions to several of the leaders of yachting. These plans are very quaint, and consist of the keeping of registers, or "stud" books, they might vulgarly be called, recording the birth, life and death of every yacht, its owner or owners, the various cruises it has made, and the people who have received its hospitality.

Secretary Long's Lucky Safe.—Before John D. Long had officially heard of his appointment as Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, he was called on by a newspaper reporter who had received a "tip" as to the appointment. Long denied all knowledge of the matter, but the reporter, pointing to the safe in the room, assured Mr. Long that it was impossible for him not to be named for the Cabinet.

On looking in the direction indicated, Mr. Long saw the handwriting on the wall, for on the safe in large letters was: "Made by——,——& Co., Canton, Ohio."

Gabriele d'Annunzio's Advertising Scheme.—Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, has a passion, his admirers say, for yachting. He carries his love of the sea to such an extent that whenever he can spare the time he spends three or four days on shipboard. If he has friends to visit him he invites them to accompany him upon one of his cruises, but he has other methods of testing friendship. Whenever he hears of one who has leased, rented, hired or bought a yacht or launch, either for pleasure or business purposes, he has it given out by some close admirer that he expects the craft to be named after some character or scene in one of his books. This is usually done, and it helps to make his literary creations more widely recognized.

Twenty Years of Strife in Samoa

THE group of small islands in the Southwestern Pacific, called Samoa, has occupied for the last decade a prominent place in American diplomacy; and yet our commerce with these islands is so insignificant that in a recent publication by our Bureau of Statistics, devoted to the commerce of the United States with Asia and Oceanica by countries, Samoa finds no separate place as a "country." We see it there combined with other islands entirely distinct under the head of "Tonga, Samoa, etc." Crediting the Samoans with one-half of the totals, which is a liberal allowance, our total annual trade with these islands, exports and imports, amounts to about $43,000.

The first commercial treaty of the United States with Samoa was in 1878, Germany and Great Britain following in 1879. The three Powers soon discovered that the Samoans were a turbulent lot, living under two Kings, and much given to war. So they said jointly to the islanders: "A plague on both your Royal houses! Stop fighting each other and go to trading with us." In July, 1881, upon the suggestion of the three foreign Powers, backed by their ships of war, Malietoa became King; but revolutions and counter-revolutions continued, and, in 1887, Germany, upon the idea that no very definite agreement existed with the United States and Great Britain, proclaimed Tamasese King and carried off Malietoa, confining him on another island.

Mataafa, a relative of Malietoa, resisted; he ravaged the country, looted towns, and slew German sailors. Germany took harsh measures, proclaimed martial law, and soon British and American settlers were claiming that their rights were being ruthlessly violated. The relations between the three Powers became very much strained.

In January, 1889, Admiral Kimberley received on his flagship, the U. S. S. Trenton, then off the coast of South America, a long cipher dispatch from home and at once hurried to Apia. There he found the U. S. S. Vandalia and the U. S. S. Nipsic, besides one English and three German ships. The officers on board the Vandalia, as they neared Samoa, were uncertain whether war or peace awaited them in the harbor of Apia. There was no war, but on the sixteenth day of March came an awful hurricane. The Vandalia and Nipsic were lost, with four officers and forty-seven men. Two of the German ships went down, losing more than the Americans.

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In May, 1889, came the treaty of Berlin, by which Germany, Great Britain and the United States established a joint protectorate over the Samoan Islands. That treaty marks the first total departure of this Government from our traditional policy not to enter into entangling alliances with foreign nations.

The three Powers decided that Malietoa was to be King. In the protocol it was also inserted, at the instance of Germany, that neither Mataafa nor any of his descendants should ever rule again, and the proscribed ruler was deported to another island, with eleven of his chiefs, to be supported there by the three Powers. Taxes were imposed upon the foreigners who were there, some three hundred altogether, the Germans the most numerous, the British next, and the Americans fewest. A head tax was also imposed upon the natives, which it has been practically impossible to collect.

The three Powers were to furnish from their citizens a Chief Justice, a President of the Municipal Council of the District of Apia, to advise the King, and a tribunal for the settlement of land titles. The Powers were also to pay the costs of the Government, when the revenues of the islands were insufficient. But the new Government could not keep the peace; uprisings were frequent, and soon another formidable revolution broke out. The younger Tamasese and his adherents ravaged the country, and were only subdued by the combined British and German naval forces.

This was the condition when President Cleveland, in his annual message of December 3, 1894, to Congress, said:

> "The present Government has utterly failed to correct, if indeed it has not aggravated, the very evils it was intended to prevent. It has not stimulated our commerce with the islands. Our participation in its establishment against the wishes of the natives was in plain defiance of the conservative teachings and warnings of the wise and patriotic men who laid the foundations of our free institutions, and I invite an expression of the judgment of Congress on the propriety of steps being taken by this Government looking to the withdrawal from its engagements with the other Powers on more reasonable terms not prejudicial to any of our existing rights."

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Congress did not heed this advice. An amusing illustration of the manner in which the Powers lived together in amity at Apia is found in the complaint made by Secretary Olney, May 26, 1896, to Baron Thielmann, that in the Municipal Council of Apia, composed at the time of three Germans, three Britons and a German President with a casting vote, a report was submitted, voted upon and approved, in the German language, which the Britons could not read, and which the Germans refused to give them time to have translated.

The rest is fresh in mind: the death of Malietoa in August last, the election, the decision of Chief Justice Chambers that, under the provision of the protocol, Mataafa was ineligible and that Malietoa Tanu was elected, the open dissent of the German Consul, the battles between the followers of Mataafa and Malietoa Tanu, the ravaging, the looting, the nailing-up of the Supreme Court room by the British and American Consuls, the breaking open of the court house by the German Consul, and the declaration that he was himself the Chief Justice, are all recent events. These were followed by the attack on the house and family of the Chief Justice and their refuge in the British ships, the putting up of Mataafa by the Consuls and the putting down of Mataafa by Admiral Kautz, in pursuance of the decision of the Supreme Court, the shelling after warning by Admiral Kautz, the ambuscade on April 1 of British and American sailors, and the killing of a British Lieutenant with three English sailors, and Lieutenant Lansdale, Ensign Monaghan and three other Americans.

Notwithstanding all these complications and many more vexations which cannot be enumerated here, we shall have no war. The stake is too insignificant. If it were China the case would be different. The Commissioners recently appointed will proceed to Samoa in a friendly spirit. They will in some way come to an agreement. But how? Who can suggest the terms of a compact that will heal all wounds, reconcile all interests, and permanently pacify these islands while under three masters, all rivals for the handful of trade that is to be gathered in Samoa?

In the year 1886 the population of Samoa was 36,000; in 1898 about 34,000, a loss of 2000. In 1887 exports and imports (all countries) amounted to £158,000, and in 1896, the last figures given, to £113,000. In other words, under the protectorate the population has materially decreased and trade has fallen off at least twenty-five per cent.

If we should make up our own account with Samoa, after ten years of business under the treaty, it would stand about as follows: Item, Our share of the joint expenses, not very considerable; Item, Expenses of naval vessels visiting, large; Item, Loss by hurricane, two ships, four officers and forty-seven men; Item, Diplomatic worries, many; Item, Loss of two officers and four men. Against all this we have to show an annual trade, exports and imports both counted, of about $43,000, which is less than is bought and sold by many a merchant in an obscure little American town of 500 inhabitants.

—HILARY A. HERBERT.

HILARY A. HERBERT
EX-SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Massachusetts Rescinds the Order Banishing Roger Williams

A decided curiosity in legislation has been enacted in Massachusetts which confirms the old adage that it is never too late to right a wrong.

More than 260 years ago, or, to be precise, on October 9, 1635, Roger Williams, then settled in Salem, was ordered by the General Court to depart from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts within six weeks. Subsequently permission was given him to remain in Salem till the following spring, on conditions he was unable to keep.

When about to be arrested for persevering in his "disturbances," he was enabled to escape three days before the officers of the Court reached his lodging-place. What he subsequently accomplished for religion, education and humanity is known of all men.

Now, in the month of April and the year of 1899, the decree of banishment, or the record of the original order of Court, is brought from its pigeonhole, and, by an ordinary motion seconded and adopted is annulled, repealed, and made of no effect whatever.

The Spanish Government Sustained by the Spanish People

The results of the April elections for the new Cortes will be gratifying to every one who wishes Spain well and a speedy recovery from the direful attendants of war. In both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the Government secured a far larger majority than it had anticipated.

This result means that, despite the intrigues of the Carlists, Weylerites, politicians and professional agitators, the people were satisfied that the Queen Regent and her Government had done all and the best they could for the country, and that rest and peace were desired by the masses.

Effects of the Senatorial Deadlock in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

The Legislature of a fourth State, Pennsylvania, has had to close its regular session without electing a United States Senator, because of a deadlock. In the Keystone State the situation was more complicated than in the other three, and the lesson more pointed.

Matthew Stanley Quay, who had held the seat since March 4, 1887, was a candidate for a third term. Besides an influential opposition in his own party, he was on trial on a charge of conspiring to use the funds of the State, deposited in a Philadelphia bank, for his own benefit. On the day following the adjournment of the Legislature the jury acquitted the ex-Senator on the charge, and the Governor appointed him United States Senator, to act till the next Legislature should meet, to fill the vacancy as provided in the Federal Constitution.

This seemed to be the proper and only course for the Governor to take, but here comes into play a frequently repeated interpretation by the United States Senate of the Constitutional provision, the Senate maintaining that where a Legislature had an opportunity to elect and failed to do so the Governor had no right to make a temporary appointment. Unless the Senate reverses its own decisions there will be four States with only one Senator each.

The Shells that Captain Coghlan Dropped at a Reception in New York

Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, of the returned cruiser Raleigh, has created quite an international commotion by confirming, at a club reception in New York, the story of German naval interference with Admiral Dewey's mission at Manila that became current last summer.

His avowed object was to place his superior commander in a proper light before his own people and to give them the facts concerning what was at the time a grave international "incident." On the same occasion, in response to repeated requests and against his judgment of propriety, he recited a song, Hoch der Kaiser, that had become popular throughout Admiral Dewey's fleet. The two utterances caused alarm among the authorities at Washington and indignation in German official circles, with the result that diplomacy was invoked to allay German excitement against the United States. While Captain Coghlan long ago established an enviable reputation for bravery and professional skill, it was unfortunate that a moment's indiscretion should have led him to affront a Sovereign at a time when we were trying to settle with him the Samoan trouble, and to gain relief from trade discriminations against us.

Heliograph Signaling by Means of Scientific Kites

William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, New Jersey, a pioneer in scientific kite-flying, who has achieved remarkable results in taking photographs and temperature records in high altitudes by means of his kites, has just perfected a system whereby it is possible to exchange signals between mutually invisible points.

To five kites, each seven feet in diameter, was attached a mirror twenty by twenty-eight inches. The kites were raised on Mr. Eddy's place at Bayonne and the alternate flashes from the concave and convex surfaces of the mirror were clearly seen on Staten Island. The mirror was operated by a special string in Mr. Eddy's hand.

The mirror is carefully adjusted to the proper flashing angle before being sent upward, and when at the desired height it may be made to alternate its flashes, throw them in any direction, or make them invisible excepting from the operator's point of view, at the will of the man holding the special string.

These flashes resemble a bright star in the clear blue sky. The system promises to be of high usefulness in military operations, especially where the tripod heliograph on the ground cannot be used to advantage.

Progress of Sunday-School Work in the United States

Official reports presented at the International Sunday-School Convention, held in Atlanta in the last week in April, indicate a remarkable growth in evangelical Sunday-school work in the United States and Canada. Just how large that growth has been cannot be stated till the detailed reports of the various Secretaries are received.

A fair idea of the extent and influence of Sunday-school work may be obtained, however, from the reports of the last triennial convention, which showed that there were more than twelve and a quarter millions of evangelical Sunday-school members in the United States, and nearly three-quarters of a million in Canada.

In the United States nearly eleven millions of the members were scholars, and the increase in membership in three years was more than a million and a quarter. The Sunday-schools numbered more than 139,500. As these returns relate to evangelical schools only, their showing, impressive and encouraging as it is, does not tell the whole story of Sunday-school work.

Alleged American Encouragement of Filipino Resistance to American Arms

For several weeks it has been evident to intelligent observers that the Filipinos were receiving encouragement, believed by them to be influential, in prolonging a resistance that cannot have other than a single result.

There is no doubt but that the leaders have been receiving prompt notification of the plans of the Government from Washington, as well as of the various shades of public opinion in the United States concerning the Philippine problem. For military reasons the Government has attempted to keep its knowledge of the situation a secret, but sufficient has leaked out to show that an unpatriotic spirit has been at work among our own people, with the object of forcing the Government to abandon the archipelago.

General Otis has telegraphed the receipt at Manila of "a number of seditious and treasonable telegrams" from the United States for distribution among our troops, and John Barrett, ex-United States Minister to Siam, places the responsibility for the prolongation of hostilities on the anti-expansionists in the United States.

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

The operation of shaving and dressing in solitude produced an oppression of loneliness

Chapter XXIII

IN THE early morning, long before any of the hotel people had made themselves heard moving about, Thorpe got up.

It was a long time since he had liked himself and his surroundings so little. The bed seemed all right to the eye, and even to the touch, but he had slept very badly in it, none the less. The room was luxuriously furnished, as was the entire suite, but it was all strange and uncomfortable to his senses.

The operation of shaving and dressing in solitude produced an oppression of loneliness. He regretted not having brought his man with him for this reason, and then, upon meditation, for other reasons. A person of his position ought always to have a servant with him. The hotel people must have been surprised at his traveling unattended, and the people at High Thorpe must also have thought it strange.

It flashed across his mind that no doubt his wife had most of all thought it strange. How would she explain to herself his sudden, precipitate journey to London alone? Might she not quite naturally put an unpleasant construction upon it? It was bad enough to have to remember that they had parted in something like a tiff; he found it much worse to be fancying the suspicions with which she would be turning over his mysterious absence in her mind.

He went downstairs as speedily as possible, and, discovering no overt signs of breakfast in the vicinity of the restaurant, passed out and made his way to the Embankment. This had been a favorite walk of his in the old days, but he considered it now with an unsympathetic eye. It seemed a dry and haggard and desolate-looking place by comparison with his former impressions of it.

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The morning was gray-skied, but full of a hard quality of light, which brought out to the uncompromising uttermost the dilapidated squalor of the Surrey side. The water was low, and from the mud and ooze of the ugly opposite shore, or perhaps from the discolored stream itself, there proceeded a smell which offended his unaccustomed nostril. A fitful, gusty wind was blowing from the east, and ever and again it gathered dust in eddying swoops from the roadway and flung it in his face.

He walked on toward the city without any conscious purpose, and with no very definite reflections. It occurred to him that if his wife imputed to him some unworthy motive in stealing off to London and made herself unhappy, that would at least provide the compensation of showing that she cared.

The thought, however, upon examination, contained very meagre elements of solace. He could not in the least be sure about any of the workings of her mind. There might be more or less annoyance mixed up this morning with the secret thoughts she had concerning him, or she might not be bothering her head about him at all. This latter contingency had never presented itself so frankly to him before. He looked hard at it, and saw more semblances of probability about it than he liked. It might very well be that she was not thinking about him one way or the other.

A depressing consciousness that practically nobody need think about him pervaded his soul. Who cared what he said or did or felt? The city had forgotten his very existence. In the West End, only here and there some person might chance to remember his name as that of some rich bounder who had married Lady Cressage. Nowhere else in England, save one dull strip of agricultural blankness in a backward home county, was there a human being who knew anything whatever about him. And this was his career! It was for this that he had planned that memorable campaign, and waged that amazing series of fortnightly battles, never missing victory, never failing at any point of the complicated strategy, and crowning it all with a culminating triumph which had been the wonder and admiration of the whole financial world!

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A few score of menials or interested inferiors bowed to him; he drove some good horses, and was attentively waited upon, and had a never-failing abundance of good things to eat and drink and smoke. Hardly anything more than that, when you came to think of it—and the passing usufruct of all these things could be enjoyed by any fool who had a ten-pound note in his pocket!

What gross trick had the fates played on him? He had achieved power—and where was that power? What had he done with it? What could he do with it? He had an excess of wealth, it was true, but in what way could it command an excess of enjoyment?

The very phrase was a paradox, as he dimly perceived. There existed only a narrow margin of advantage in favor of the rich man. He could eat and drink a little more and a little better than the poor man; he could have better clothes, and lie abed later in the morning, and take life easier all round—but only within hard-and-fast bounds.

There was an ascertained limit beyond which the millionaire could no more stuff himself with food than could the beggar. It might be pleasant to take an added hour or two in bed in the morning, but to lie in bed all day would be an infliction. So it ran indefinitely—this thin selvedge of advantage which money could buy—with deprivation on the one side and surfeit on the other.

Candidly, was it not true that more happiness lay in winning the way out of deprivation than in inventing safeguards against satiety? The poor man succeeding in making himself rich—at numerous stages of the operation there might be made a moral snapshot of the truly happy man. But not after he had reached the top. Then disintegration began at once. The contrast between what he supposed he could do and what he finds it possible to do is too vast to be accepted with equanimity.

It must be said that after breakfast—a meal which he found in an Italian restaurant of no great cleanliness or opulence or pretension, and ate with an almost novel relish—Thorpe took a somewhat less gloomy view of his position. He still walked eastward, wandering into warehouses and shipping quarters skirting the river, hitherto quite unknown to him, and pursuing in an idle, inconsequent fashion his meditations.

He established in his mind the proposition that since an excess of enjoyment was impossible—since one could not derive a great block of happiness from the satisfaction of the ordinary appetites, but at the most could only gather a little from each—the desirable thing was to multiply as much as might be those tastes and whims which passed for appetites, and thus expand the area of possible gratification.

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This seemed very logical, indeed, but it did not apply itself to his individual needs with much facility. What did he want to do that he had not done? It was difficult for him to say. Perhaps it was chandlers' signs and windows about him, and the indefinable seafaring preoccupation suggested by the high-walled, narrow streets, which raised the question of a yacht in his mind. Did he want a yacht?

He could recall having once dwelt with great fondness upon such a project; doubtless it would still be full of attractions for him. He liked the water, and the water liked him, and he was better able now than formerly to understand how luxurious existence can be made in modern private ships. He decided that he would have a yacht—and then perceived that the decision brought no exhilaration. He was no happier than before. He could decide that he would have anything he chose to name, and it would in no whit lighten his mood. The yacht might be as grand as High Thorpe, and relatively as spacious and well-ordered, but would he not grow as tired of the one as he had of the other?

He stopped short at this blunt self-expression of something he had never admitted to himself. Was he indeed tired of High Thorpe? He had assured his wife to the contrary yesterday. He reiterated the assurance to his own mind now. It was, instead, that he was tired of himself. He carried a weariness about with him, which looked at everything with apathetic eyes, and cared for nothing.

—an Italian restaurant of no great cleanliness or opulence or pretension

Some nameless paralysis had settled upon his capacity for amusement and enjoyment, and atrophied it. He had had the power to expand his life to the farthest boundaries of rich experience and sensation, and he had deliberately shrunk into a sort of herbaceous nonentity, whom nobody knew or cared about. He might have had London at his beck and call, and yet of all that the metropolis might mean to a millionaire he had been able to think of nothing better than that it should send old Kervick to him to help beguile his boredom with dominoes! Pah! He was disgusted with himself.

Striking out a new course, with the Monument as his guide, he presently came into a part of the city which had a certain familiarity for him. He walked up St. Swithin's Lane, looking at the strange forms of foreign fruit exposed at the shop doors, and finding in them some fleeting recurrence of the hint that travel was what he needed.

Then he stopped to look through the railings and open gateway at an inclosure on the left, and the substantial, heavily respectable group of early Victorian buildings beyond. Some well-dressed men were standing talking on one of the porches. The stiff, yellowish stucco pilasters of this entrance, and the tall, uniformed figure of the porter in the shadow, came into the picture as he observed it; they gave forth a suggestion of satisfied snugness—of orderly but altogether unillumined routine. Nothing could be more commonplace to the eye.

Yet to his imagination, eighteen months before, what mysterious marvels of power had lurked hidden behind those conventional portals! Within those doors, in some inner chamber, sat men whose task it was to direct the movements of the greatest force the world had ever known.

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They and their cousins in Paris and Frankfort, or wherever they lived, between them wielded a vaster authority than all the Parliaments of the earth. They could change a Government, or crush the aspirations of a whole people, or decide a question of peace or war, by the silent dictum of their little family council. He remembered now how he had stood on this same spot and stared with fascinated gaze at this quadrangle of dull houses, and pondered upon what it must feel like to be a Rothschild—and that was only a little over a year ago!

There was no sense of fascination whatever in his present gaze. He found himself regarding instead with a kind of detached curiosity the little knot of men in frock coats and silk hats who stood talking in the doorway. It was barely ten o'clock, yet clearly business was proceeding within.

One of these persons whom he beheld might be a Rothschild, for aught he knew; at any rate, it was presumable that some of them were on the premises. He had heard it said that the very head of the house listened to quotations from the tape while he ate his luncheon, and interrupted his conversations with the most important of non-commercial callers, to make or refuse bargains in shares offered by brokers who came in. What impulse lay behind this extraordinary devotion to labor? Toward what conceivable goal could it be striving?

To work hard and risk great things for the possession of a fortune, in order to enjoy it afterward—he could understand how that attracted men. But to possess already the biggest of human fortunes, and still work—that baffled him.

He wished he knew some of those men in there, especially if they belonged to the place. It would be wonderfully interesting to get at the inner point of view of New Court.

A little later, in Colin Semple's office, he sat down to await the coming of that gentleman. "Then he doesn't get here so early nowadays?" he suggested to the head clerk, who, with instant recognition and exaggerated deference, had ushered him in to this farthermost private room. It pleased him to assume that prosperity had relaxed the Scotchman's vigilance.

"Oh, yes, sir," the clerk replied. "A bit earlier, if anything, as a rule. But I think he is stopping at his solicitor's on his way to the city. I hope you are very well, sir."

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"Yes; I'm very fit—thanks," Thorpe said listlessly, and the other left him.

Mr. Semple, when at last he arrived, bustled into the room with unaffected gratification at the news he had heard without. "Well, well, Thorpe, man!" he cried, and shook hands cordially. "This is fine! If I'd only known you were in town! Why wouldn't you have told me you were coming? I'd never have kept you waiting."

Thorpe laughed wearily. "I hardly knew I was in town myself. I only ran up last night. I thought it would amuse me to have a look round—but things seem as dull as ditchwater."

"Oh, no," said Semple; "the autumn is opening verra well indeed. There are more new companies, and a better public subscription all round, than for any first week of October I remember. Westralians appear bad on the face of things, it's true—but don't believe all you hear of them. There's more than the suspicion of a 'rig' there. Besides, you haven't a penny in them."

"I wasn't thinking of that," Thorpe told him, with comprehensive vagueness. "Well, I suppose you're still coining money," he observed after a pause.

"Keeping along—keeping along," the broker replied cheerfully. "I canna complain."

Thorpe looked at him with a meditative frown. "Well, what are you going to do with it after you've got it?" he demanded almost with sharpness.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the Post for December 17, 1898.

The Scotchman, after a surprised instant, smiled. "Oh, I'll just keep my hands on it," he assured him lightly.

"That isn't what I mean," Thorpe said, groping after what he did mean with sullen tenacity among his thoughts. His large, heavy face exhibited a depressed gravity which attracted the other's attention.

"What's the matter?" Semple asked quickly. "Has anything gone wrong with you?"

Thorpe slowly shook his head. "What better off do you think you'll be with six figures than you are with five?" he pursued, with dogmatic insistence.

Semple shrugged his shoulders. He seemed to have grown much brighter and gayer of mood in this past twelvemonth. Apparently he was somewhat stouter, and certainly there was a mellowed softening of his sharp glance and shrewd smile. It was evident that his friend's mood somewhat nonplussed him, but his good-humor was unflagging.

"It's the way we're taught at school," he hazarded. "In all the arithmetics six beats five, and seven beats six."

"They're wrong," Thorpe declared, and then consented to laugh in a grudging, dogged way at his friend's facial confession of puzzlement. "What I mean is—what's the good of piling up money, while you can't pile up the enjoyments it will buy? What will a million give you that the fifth of it, or the tenth of it, won't give you just as well?"

"Aye," said Semple, with a gleam of comprehension in his glance. "So you've come to that frame of mind, have you? Why does a man go on and shoot five hundred pheasants when he can only eat one?"

"Oh, if you like the mere making of money, I've nothing more to say," Thorpe responded, with a touch of resentment. "I've always thought of you as a man like myself, who wanted to make his pile and then enjoy himself."

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The Scotchman laughed joyously. "Enjoy myself! Like you!" he cried. "Man, you're as doleful as a mute at a laird's funeral! What's come over you? I know what it is. You go and take a course of German waters——"

"Oh, that be hanged!" Thorpe objected gloomily. "I tell you I'm all right. Only—only——"

Colin Semple viewed his companion with a more sympathetic expression. "I'm sorry you're so hipped," he said in gentle tones. "It can't be more than some passing whimsy. You're in no real trouble, are you?—no family trouble?"

Thorpe shook his head. "The whole thing is rot!" he affirmed enigmatically.

"What whole thing?" The broker perched on the edge of his desk, and with patient philosophy took him up. "Do you mean eighty thousand a year is rot? That depends upon the man who has it."

"I know that well enough," broke in the other heavily. "That's what I'm kicking about. I'm no good!"

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Semple looking attentively down upon him, pursed his lips in reflection. "That's not the case," he observed with argumentative calmness. "You're a great deal of good. I'm not so sure that what you've been trying to do is any good, though. Come! I read you like large print. You've set out to live the life of a rich country squire—and it hasn't come off. It couldn't come off! I never believed it would. You haven't the taste for it inbred in your bones. You haven't the thousand little habits and interests that they take in with their mother's milk, and that makes such a life possible.

"When you look at a hedge, you don't think of it as something to worry live animals out of. When you see one of your laborers you don't care who his father was, or which dairymaid his uncle ought to have married if he had wanted to get a certain cottage. You don't want to know the name of everybody whose roof you can see; much less could you remember them, and talk about them, and listen to gossip about them, year after year. It isn't a passion in your blood to ride to hounds, and to shoot, and all that. It doesn't come to you by tradition—and you haven't the vacancy of mind which might be a substitute for tradition. What are you doing in the country, then? Just eating too much, and sitting about, and getting fat and stupid. If you want the truth, there it is for you."

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Thorpe, putting out his lips judicially, inclined upon reflection to the view that this was the truth. "That's all right, as far as it goes," he assented with hesitation. "But what else is there?"

The little Scotchman had grown too interested in his diagnosis to drop it in an incomplete state. "A year ago," he went on, "you had won your victories like a veritable Napoleon. You had everything in your own hands; Napoleon himself was not more the master of what he saw about him than you were. And then what did you do? You voluntarily retired yourself to your Elba. It wasn't that you were beaten and driven there by others; you went of your own accord. Have you ever thought, Thorpe, of this? Napoleon was the greatest man of his age—one of the greatest men of all ages—not only in war, but in a hundred other ways. He spent the last six years of his life at St. Helena, in excellent health and with companions that he talked freely to, and in all the extraordinarily copious reports of his conversations there we don't get a single sentence worth repeating. If you read it you'll see he talked like a dull, ordinary body. The greatness had entirely evaporated from him the moment he was put on an island where he had nothing to do."

"Yes-s," said Thorpe thoughtfully. He accepted the application without any qualms about the splendor of the comparison it rested upon. He had done the great things, just as Semple said, and there was no room for false modesty about them in his mind.

"The trouble is," he began, "that I did what I had always thought I wanted to do most. I was quite certain in my mind that that was what I wanted. And if we say now that I was wrong—if we admit that that wasn't what I really wanted—why, then, who knows what it is that I *do* want. I'll be hanged if *I* do!"

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"Come back to the city," Semple told him. "That's where you belong."

"No, no!" Thorpe spoke with emphasis. "That's where you're all off. I don't belong in the city at all. I hate the whole outfit. What amusement would it be to me to take other men's money away from them? I'd be wanting all the while to give it back to them. And certainly I wouldn't get any fun out of their taking my money away from me. Besides, it doesn't entertain me. I've no taste at all for it. I never look at a financial paper now. I could no more interest myself in all that stuff again than I could fly. That's the deuce of it—to be interested in anything."

"Go in for politics," the other suggested, with less warmth.

"Yes, I know," Thorpe commented with a lingering tone. "Perhaps I ought to think more about that. By the way, what's Plowden doing? I've lost all track of him."

"Abroad somewhere, I fancy," Semple replied. His manner exhibited a profound indifference. "When his mother died he came into something—I don't know how much. I don't think I've seen him since, and that must have been six months and more ago."

"Yes. I heard about it at the time," the other said. "It must be about that. His sister and brother—the young Plowdens—they're coming to us at the end of the week, I believe. You didn't hit it off particularly with Plowden, eh?"

Semple emitted a contemptuous little laugh. "I did not quarrel with him—if you mean that," he said; "but even to please you, Thorpe, I couldn't bring myself to put my back into the job of making money for him. He was treated fairly—even generously, d'ye mind. I should think, all told, he had some £30,000 for his shares, and that's a hundred times as much as I had a pleasure in seeing him get. Each man can wear his own parasites, but it's a task for him to stand another man's. I shook your Lord Plowden off when the chance came."

"That's all right," Thorpe assured him. "I never told you that he was any good. I merely felt like giving him a leg up—because really at the start he was of use to me. I did owe him something. It was at his house I met my wife."

"Aye," said Semple with dispassionate brevity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—"who knows what it is that I do want. I'll be hanged if I do!"

The Real City of LONDON

By C. E. Williams

A BILL for the reorganization of the city of London is now pending in the British Parliament, and is one of the principal topics of conversation in that city. It is severely criticised, and the opposition is so formidable that the present Ministry is likely to suffer defeat if it insists upon the plan proposed.

The world's metropolis is unique in being the only city known to civilization that has existed for centuries without a uniform or centralized government. Technically speaking, the city of London is only about one mile square! Its population is less than 40,000 people, gathered around the Bank of England and the Mansion House! The 6,000,000 or more people who occupy an area of more than 500 square miles, and constitute what is usually called London, have never had a municipal existence, as we understand that term, and still present the most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of government.

England is divided into counties, and the counties into parishes which have remained from mediæval times. The parishes are governed by a Vicar, who is appointed by the Bishop, or the Duke, if it happens to be a duchy, and the vestrymen, who, under the canons of the Church of England, are elected annually by the people, and have jurisdiction over their temporal as well as their spiritual affairs.

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Half a century ago this ancient system was considerably modified by an act of Parliament, which gave a uniform municipal government to all the towns and cities of the Kingdom, and left only the villages and rural districts to the care of the ecclesiastical authorities. London was excluded from the operation of the act which gave municipal franchise and popular representation to the rest of the people. It was the intention, as announced in Parliament at the time, to present a special act to meet the peculiar conditions in London, but a change in the Ministry prevented it from being carried out.

Thus, since 1835, London has been waiting for the promised reconstruction of its government, although from time to time special legislation has been enacted by Parliament to meet particular emergencies, to remedy evils that could not be longer endured, and to establish reforms that were required by the commercial and the industrial interests of the people.

It is still the duty of the vestrymen of the several parishes to collect the taxes, or "rates," as they are called there, and disburse them; to look after the poor and the sick, the public lighting, paving, sewerage, street cleaning and that sort of thing, which are attended to directly by the parish clerk and his assistants. Parliament has deprived the vestrymen of the power to grant monopolies and establish public works. The police, the fire department, the public schools, the bridges, waterworks and other large interests, which serve all or more than one of the parishes, are now under the control of the County Council, whose jurisdiction is vague and undetermined, and whose power is exercised without limit so long as it does not conflict with that of the Imperial Parliament.

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The new plan of government is based upon the theory that London "is too great to fear God or honor the King," a cry that was raised in the sixteenth century. It is proposed to carve up the city into thirty or more boroughs or municipalities, and consolidate several parishes under a single government, with a Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and a complete outfit of the appurtenances that belong to the other municipalities of the Kingdom.

Each of the thirty Mayors will have his golden chain and his robes of ermine, a coat-of-arms and a mace-bearer. The Aldermen will wear gowns of silk and chains and badges of office, and will parade before the public with pride and dignity. Their jurisdiction will be about the same as that of the vestrymen of the present parishes, so that the new system will be but an enlargement of the present system, with the same and perhaps greater expense.

The great objection to the new plan is that the city will be divided into boroughs for the rich and boroughs for the poor, each burdened with the same taxes to pay for lighting, paving and other municipal undertakings, which of course will fall heavier upon the poor, because they will have to spend more for charities than the rich.

It will cost just as much to pay the expense of a government for the Whitechapel district as for Hyde Park or South Kensington. The salaries of the Mayor and the fees of the Aldermen are the same, and the expense of building a schoolhouse in East London will be as heavy as at the West End.

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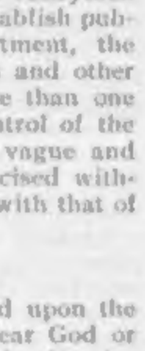
MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S NEW SERIAL



In Two Parts, Each Complete in Itself

The Circle of a Century

Will follow The Market-Place, which concludes early in June.

Part I is a romance of the social life of the New York of a hundred years ago. The old city is described, the old streets repeopled, the society of that day pictured, and something told of the humble beginnings of some of the New York aristocrats of to-day.

In Part II the scene shifts to the New York of our time, and the descendants of the characters in Part I figure in an absorbingly interesting love story.

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Gradgrinding the Children of To-Day

MANY of the most notable women of New York are members of the Mothers' Club. It is indeed an association of women who are making a serious study of child-training. Neither their sincerity nor their good will can be impugned. Any decision to which they may come is worthy of most patient investigation.

"The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom," Henry Ward Beecher said. When it is a question of child-training, I believe the mother's heart is wiser than the scientific pedagogues and all the theorists of education. And so it is with surprise that I learn that, at its last meeting, the Mothers' Club "denounced Mother Goose and all sorts of fairy tales," and proclaimed its faith in the old Gradgrind theory of education.

"Let them have facts," said one mother, in a curious echo of Gradgrind's "Give 'em facts, sir, hard facts." The grim figure in Dickens' novel was a hard, grasping man of the world;

> "He had grown so foolish wise
> He could not see with childhood's eyes;
> He had forgot that purity
> And lowliness which are the key
> Of Nature's mysteries;"

but that the mothers should erect Gradgrind's prejudice into a theory is as strange as anything in modern science.

The argument, as summed up by one speaker, was that no story, legend or tale should be read to a child unless it contained a fact "in geography, natural history, history, biology and other sciences," or unless it clearly exemplified a moral truth. In other words, to Gradgrind's "Give 'em facts" she would add the moral of Sanford and Merton—the moral fact to the natural fact.

Another mother confessed that she had given her boys some of Cooper's novels to read, "and the result was to transform them from quiet, peaceable children into a crew of pirates and Indians. They whittled out daggers, which they painted very cleverly, and they waylaid one another upon odd corners with such piercing shrieks that they became a terror to the neighborhood."

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What is the fallacy that lies at the bottom of all this reasoning? Perhaps we can get at it in no better way than by asking ourselves what is the aim of education. Certainly it is not to fill the child's mind with facts—even facts about "geography, natural history, biology and other sciences." Certainly it is not to instruct the child in the codification of the moral law—to give him rules and examples which determine the difference between right and wrong. True education consists in creating a capacity for learning and an instinct for what is right. And the basis of the whole structure is that a child should be educated in what is right and what is wrong *in feeling*. That is the root and the flower of all education. The child must be trained in feeling; he should discern that in all emotion there is a right and a wrong. Behind every wrong deed there is a wrong feeling. The bad act is merely the visible sign of the bad emotion.

Now facts, upon which Gradgrind and the Mothers' Club lay such emphasis, are the same for all children; two and two always make four, and the sea is always salt. But the emotion of every child is his own peculiar property. It is in his feeling that his individuality lies. Now this cannot be trained by hard and fast rules. Only the broadest theory is of any use. There is a moral right and wrong; and no one denies to-day that there is a right and wrong in feeling. In the emotional qualities that is right which is sound, noble, great—in a word, beautiful. Beauty—in art, in nature, in fiction—is of incalculable importance in child-training merely because it is the index, as Kant said, "of a good mind."

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Now, had the Mothers' Club proved that fairy tales and all the child-lore on which the children of all ages have fed were injurious to the child's development of a sense of right and wrong in feeling, they would have made out their case. They would have still, of course, had to demonstrate the utility of the Gradgrind system; but that is neither here nor there, for we are now considering only the former contention. Of course they have not made out any such case. They have indeed merely failed to see that it is the child's imagination—and not his reason—that needs feeding. First of all, there must be the large and healthful qualities of feeling to which, in time, the reasoning faculties of the child may be applied, and upon which may be built up a more or less important structure of facts.

During thousands of years the world has been fashioning a child's literature—and how beautiful it is, how simple and direct in its appeal to the young imagination and the young heart! The Indian mother in her tepee gathers her brood around her and tells them the fairy stories of her race; and the stories she tells are those that Plato heard in childhood and that have been told in every language and in every time. They have lived and they are universal simply because they do appeal to the child's imagination, and because they do breed in him a habit of discerning between what is right in feeling and what is wrong. In the face of a world-old and world-wide experience like this the stateliest theories go to pieces. The child who knows Hans Christian Andersen and Grimm and Æsop and "Mother Goose" has a daily beauty in his life that other children know not of. He has a more imaginative—and therefore a more real—grip of life. He sees a little farther into the mystery of "natural history" than any mere pedant. He knows the song of the little river and has heard the trees whisper together. The lion has taught him courage, and the ass patience. The birds have taught him worship, even as they taught that eternal child, Saint Francis of Assisi. And this knowledge, uncodified as it is, is the best of all, for it is merely a habit of right thinking and right feeling; it is the habit of loving all that is healthful, adventurous, brave, natural—in a word, beauty. These fragments of ageless child-lore—as Mrs. Browning finely said—"are corals to cut life upon." Read once again Dickens' description of those poor little Gradgrind children, then picture to yourself those "quiet, peaceable children" whom Cooper's novels turned "into a crew of pirates and Indians."

Perhaps they did "waylay one another with piercing vocal exercises." Upon my word, I hope they did, and a fine, stirring, imaginative lesson it must have been! They will be none the worse men because their boyish hearts beat high at the old ideals of courage and adventure. In fact, I do not believe that one of them will turn out to be a real pirate or a stray Mohican. Do you?

> "Learn young, learn fair,
> Learn auld, learn mair,"

says the Scotch proverb; let the children learn the easy lessons of child-lore—they are the best in the world; in the meantime, the Mothers' Club has a great deal mair to learn of the true science of child-training. —VANCE THOMPSON.

The Power of Personal Influence

THE only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least,—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress-parade, when he is posing to impress those around him,—is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers,—is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silent and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature,—heat, light, electricity and gravitation,—are silent and invisible. We never *see* them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all Nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the "unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half of our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life-giving energy comes from *invisible* stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realization of the power and wonder of the invisible.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil,—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really *is*, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

There are men and women whose presence seems to radiate sunshine, cheer and optimism. We feel calmed and rested and restored in a moment to a new and stronger faith in humanity. There are others who focus in an instant all your latent distrust, morbidness and rebellion against life. Without knowing why, you chafe and fret in their presence. You lose your bearings on life and its problems. Your moral compass is disturbed and unsatisfactory. It is made untrue in an instant, as the magnetic needle of a ship is deflected when it passes near mountains of iron ore.

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There are men who float down the stream of life like icebergs,—cold, reserved, unapproachable and self-contained. In their presence you involuntarily draw your wraps closer around you, as you wonder who left the door open. These refrigerated human beings have a most depressing influence on all those who fall under the spell of their radiated chilliness. But there are other natures, warm, helpful, genial, who are like the Gulf Stream, following their own course, flowing undaunted and undismayed in the ocean of colder waters. Their presence brings warmth and life and the glow of sunshine, the joyous, stimulating breath of spring.

There are men who are like malarious swamps,—poisonous, depressing and weakening by their very presence. They make heavy, oppressive and gloomy the atmosphere of their own homes; the sound of the children's play is stilled, the ripples of laughter are frozen by their presence. They go through life as if each day were a new big funeral, and that they were always chief mourners. There are other men who seem like the ocean; they are constantly bracing, stimulating, giving new draughts of tonic life and strength by their very presence.

There are men who are insincere in heart, and that insincerity is radiated by their presence. They have a wondrous interest in your welfare,—when they need you. They put on a "property" smile so suddenly, when it serves their purpose, that it seems the smile must be connected with some electric button concealed in their clothes. Their voice has a simulated cordiality that long training may have made almost natural. But they never play their part absolutely true, the mask *will* slip down sometimes; their cleverness cannot teach their eyes the look of sterling honesty; they may deceive some people, but they cannot deceive all. There is a subtle power of revelation which makes us say: "Well, I cannot explain how it is, but I know that man is not honest."

Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constant weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can *select* the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility,—make them vitally active in his character,—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

Discouragement often comes to honest souls trying to live the best they can, in the thought that they are doing so little good in the world. Trifles unnoted by us may be links in the chain of some great purpose. In 1797, William Godwin wrote The Inquirer, a collection of revolutionary essays on morals and politics. This book influenced Thomas Malthus to write his Essay on Population, published in 1798. Malthus' book suggested to Charles Darwin a point of view upon which he devoted many years of his life, resulting, in 1859, in the publication of The Origin of Species,—the most influential book of the nineteenth century, a book that has revolutionized all science. These were but three links of influence extending over sixty years. It might be possible to trace this genealogy of influence back from Godwin, through generation and generation, to the word or act of some shepherd in early Britain, watching his flock upon the hills, living his quiet life, and dying with the thought that he had done nothing to help the world.

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Men and women have duties to others,—and duties to themselves. In justice to ourselves we should refuse to live in an atmosphere that keeps us from living our best. If the fault be in us, we should master it. If it be the personal influence of others that, like a noxious vapor, kills our best impulses, we should remove from that influence,—if we can *possibly* move without forsaking duties. If it be wrong to move, then we should take strong doses of moral quinine to counteract the malaria of influence. It is not what those around us *do* for us that counts,—it is what they *are* to us. We carry our house plants from one window to another to give them the proper heat, light, air and moisture. Should we not be at least as careful of ourselves?

To make our influence felt we must live our faith, we must practice what we believe. A magnet does not attract iron, as iron. It must first convert the iron into another magnet before it can attract it. It is useless for a parent to try to teach gentleness to her children when she herself is cross and irritable. The child who is told to be truthful and who hears a parent lie cleverly to escape some little social unpleasantness is not going to cling very zealously to truth. The parents' words say "don't lie," the influence of the parents' life says "do lie." No man can isolate himself to evade this influence, as no single corpuscle can rebel and escape from the general course of the blood. No individual is so insignificant as to be without influence. The changes in our varying moods are all recorded in the delicate barometers of the lives of others. We should ever let our influence filter through human love and sympathy. We should not be merely an influence, we should be an inspiration. By our very presence we should be a source of strength to the hungering human souls around us.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

Small Farming a Refuge from Poverty

WHILE we Americans are valiantly endeavoring to outtrade and out-manufacture all the other nations of the earth, there is danger that we are losing proficiency in the most important of the arts, which is that of extracting subsistence from the soil. We shall never lack farmers who will sow, reap and graze, and thus produce grain and meat for those who can buy, but their methods differ entirely from those of the men who in spare hours get partial or entire livelihood from the bits of ground about their homes.

In earlier days almost all Americans, the mechanic, the shopkeeper and the professional man alike, regarded the home garden as part of their business capital and as assurance against starvation in times of business depression and enforced idleness. Excuses were sometimes made for the blacksmith who forged a clumsy plowshare or the minister who preached a poor sermon, for not every man can be perfect at his own trade, but every man was expected to know how to dig, plant and cultivate an acre or two of ground, and to "raise" enough on his place to keep the wolf from the door until times became better. The yield of single acres of hand-tilled ground in the earlier days was often enormous, and was the precursor of the "high farming" of the modern market-gardener, who often clears as much profit from a single acre as the Western farmer gets from forty times as much land.

The fifteen million Americans who live in cities of more than thirty thousand inhabitants and in houses owned by other men cannot be expected to find tillable land about their homes, but neglect of the soil and its possibilities is noticeable in thousands of villages and manufacturing towns. At any lounging-place may be found idlers who complain that there is no land left for the poor man; meanwhile the ground about the complainers' own homes goes untilled. This is not for lack of suggestion, for the occasional German, Swede or other immigrant from Europe will be planting for several successive crops near the grumbler, and will have a surplus to sell.

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Not all Americans who are not farmers can expect to live by manufacture and trade, for we are already prepared to make and sell about twice as much as our own people can buy. We shall get our full share of foreign trade, but the purchasing power of the foreigner is not unlimited, and we are not the only people who have designs upon his pocket. Sooner or later many of the half-starved, half-imprisoned people of the large cities will be obliged to go back to the soil for their living. There will be no lack of soil, for outside the limits of the cities there are only twenty Americans to the square mile of territory, or one to about thirty acres, and although perhaps a quarter of the acres are too bad to till, the remainder could busy ten times as many people as there now are in the United States. In older lands than ours, where men have learned to work the soil for all it is worth, an acre of ground yields support for one person for a year. It does not provide silk dresses, opera boxes and the best cigars, but the same may be said of millions of industrious efforts in the trades and professions.

In a land where every one is urged to scramble for the top there should be some safe dropping-place for the millions who are tumbled outward and downward in the struggle. The only possible one, except the poorhouse, is the soil; this, if treated with a fraction of the energy and intelligence we Americans dissipate royally on anything that promises a fortune, will save countless families from the fear that leads through despair to destruction. —JOHN HABBERTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

In a late number of the Post was printed an editorial on Education's Contempt for Essentials. In it the writer sc and rightly—the ungrammatical language used by persons ' fair education. While much that he said is true, I must differ in some points.

As a nation we are coming more and more to a realization of our educational faults, and these are being remedied as rapidly as is consistent with healthy growth. The increase of kindergartens, the remodeling of the lower courses, are both signs of improvement, and just as seeds must have time to grow, so our new schools must be given a chance to develop. People who have been educated along false lines, in the majority of cases, cannot bring themselves "to go to school" over again. But the results of our new educational system will show in the next generation. Give us time and we can prove that our system as it is now is as nearly perfect as it can be.

Boston, Massachusetts. Senior

[The next generation may show a improvement—we will wait and see. But surely you are not serious i system as it is now is as nearly perfect as it can be number of useless studies, the strain and stress of study, and the unfitness of college graduates for the duties of real prove that if the results represent the approximate *pe tion* of the system—then we need a new *system*.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

Without a doubt the *last* of the three interesting as well instructive editorials on Don't Hurry, Don't Worry and Don't Judge, to my mind is the best.

The thought which it conveys appeals to ninety-nine out of every hundred, and would it be possible for those to whom it most strongly appeals to keep this little editorial in mind when they are becoming critical, or as Mr. Jordan expresses it, "judging others," nine-tenths of humanity would forget that such a word as *humiliation* was in the dictionary.

The majority of the judging is done by women, who in turn are judged by women again, and even then the lesson is forgotten, maybe never learned.

As I do not desire to take up your valuable time with this great subject (as it would be impossible to mention the many things that could be said in reference to it), allow me to thank you, as *one out of many*, for this editorial. W. J. B.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[It is perhaps unjust to say that "the majority of judging is done by women." When we are considering a weakness of *human nature* we must realize that the question of sex cannot enter. Women are not more vain than men, they merely have a different kind of vanity; they are subjected to different conditions. It is unfair, as a sweeping charge against a sex, to say that women "judge" more harshly than men. The intrigues, meanness and pettiness of business life surely furnish as many instances of man's harsh judging as are found in the social life of women.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your paper of April 15 last, in an article by Perriton Maxwell, these words were written, speaking of the great American rush to make money and *pile it up*, not that they particularly might enjoy it, but that their children might have plenty and *more*. "I would rather," says the writer, "have my cake every day than wait until my teeth are gone."

How much meaning there is in these simple words. Yet in the onward rush of the American to-day for wealth and a reputation, the solid comforts of this life are laid aside, and men of business become in a measure almost ignorant of what is going on about them in the world, not taking time to enjoy the beauties of Nature, or even of Nature's God. Money left behind after years of toil and self-denial might often have been used to have made their own lives less unselfish, and they might have lived to enjoy the benefits of the good they did.

Amenia, New York. C. H. Hall.

[There are two great dangers in American life: the overhoarding of money for the future on the one hand, and prodigal spending on the other. In our condemnation of the hoarding, we must not overlook the improvidence and utter lack of thrift and economy which adds so much to the sadness of age.

The golden mean was beautifully illustrated at the miraculous feeding of the multitude in the wilderness of Capernaum when it was commanded to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." It typifies the economy and forethought that should attend the proper use of all things, that ever with the enjoyment should come wise forethought and preparation for the future need.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to say that "Newo's" criticism of the editorial on Swords and Scabbards by Mr. Jordan seems to partake of the cloudy, misty side of life rather than the bright, hopeful vision which is a prop and stimulus to the soul.

I am truly sorry for any one who feels that the "waiting and the yearning [illegible] "mockery with coming years."

How often the trials through the "waiting and the yearning" have proven a necessary preparation for inspiration and achievement. Allow me also to say I cannot fully agree with Mr. Jordan's statement that "those who try to hearten us with words of hope and encouragement have not reached their ideals." *Of course none of us can gain our highest conceptions and enjoyments* on this plane of existence, but it has been my happy [illegible] boys' heads, and the [illegible] having been earned through truthful "waiting," and the fiery furnace of experience. As he says, "individual problems and trials require individual treatment," and I think the chief remedy lies in spiritual forces and stamina.

If we loosen our hold on divine energy we shall reap more than "moral stupefaction"—we shall sink into complete mental, moral and physical degeneracy. "If we cry like children for the moon, like children we must cry on."

But if in lofty hope and purpose we enter the daily contests unflinchingly, remembering "there is nothing God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish," we shall cease to wonder at the whys and the wherefores, the disappointments and the "unexplainables."

[illegible]

[We have taken the liberty of printing in italics those of your own words to show that you really do agree with the editorial statement, though you think you do not. Man may realize his ideals, one after another, but never his *ideal*. Every realized ideal should give birth to a new ideal, and it is the last in the series man cannot attain. When a man has realized all his ideals, progress stops.]

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Editor Saturday Evening

The Exile Cure for Criminals, proposed by Mr [illegible] Skinner, seems to me hardly in tune with the hu tendency of the times. Doubtless the plan looks ideal to for the prosperous, refined and well disposed portion of society, that the indigent, ignorant and vicious be removed from their midst to some remote corner of the earth, there to work out their own salvation or destruction.

Probably the good folks at home would be willing to liberally from their danger-freed purses to send missionaries to the aid of their exiled brothers, so long as their personal ease and safety were secured by that exile. But is not the t degenerate, the criminal a legitimate product tion, and has this parent a right to disown his ch

We may discard and banish the fruit, but the tree that bore it still stands. The comfort and safety bought by such banishment is artificial, like the ease of the chloroformed sufferer. What we need is a blood purifier that shall cleanse the social stem of the potential tramp. Till then, we need these people our midst to show us our condition and to prick us into activity till we cure the evil at the root. We owe these degenerates all that we have that renders us in any sense superior to them, and we can never pay our debt by sending them to Guam.

Chicago, Illinois. Elizabeth A. Allen

[Mr. Skinner's proposed treatment for tramps and criminals is suggested by him only as a last resort, as a way of handling the continual offenders, the "incurables"—th who have resisted all other methods. If there be any "blood purifier that will cleanse the social system of the potential tramp," that remedy can be tried even after exiling the tramps. Suppose a man had a diseased tooth caused by some constitutional disorder, a tooth which had resisted all the ingenuity of modern dentistry and which menaced the safety of the other teeth, would the man be wise in saying, "Let the tooth stay; I will try to reach the constitutional disorder, the presence of the aching tooth will remind me to be more careful of my body in the future."

The first thing to do with the tramp or the tooth is to try every remedy to save it; if these remedies be powerless, remove the tramp or the tooth, and concentrate the attention on the cause—the constitutional disorder of our civilization or of the body. Whether Mr. Skinner's proposed remedy is wise or not is an open question; it was not set forth as a complete cure, but only as a step.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

It seems to me, with all deference to Mr. Jordan and "Canadian," that on some points both are right and on others both wrong respecting the "Unpopularity of the American," if it really exists.

Being an Englishman (although ten years resident in Philadelphia) I very naturally lean more to my mother country and her dependencies than to the United States.

As individuals, I do not think that Americans are always ready to take the pound of flesh and give nothing in return and I think "Canadian" will agree with me although he hardly so expresses himself. I know differently from experience. But it does seem to me that the United States as a nation [illegible]dging from its high (almost prohibitive) tariff and its anxiety to find markets in "open ports" (not excepting England itself)—is not only ready but willing to take and give nothing in return.

I see no cause of complaint as to the United States treatment of Spain. No nation—no self-respecting nation—could ever forgive that treachery—the destruction of the Main.

As to whether the Monroe Doctrine and the Expansion Policy can be made to work comfortably hand in hand, and as to whether a prohibitive tariff *here* and a demand for "open ports" *everywhere else* are consistent, you would very much favor me by giving your opinion. Thomas Gray.

Philadelphia.

[The charge of inconsistency with which you sum up your letter in the last paragraph is undoubtedly just. If you will read the editorial on The Boomerang of the Monroe Doctrine in the Post of July 9, 1898, you will find a complete answer upon the point in question.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In reading this week's letters I find a question as to the giving up of legends, and I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Editor, [illegible]

With [illegible] that m [illegible] losing much of beauty in the intensely [illegible] U. S. H. would read that beautiful East Indian legend of the Moon Wind, I am sure that they could find a moral lesson to growing children. And then that legend of the Star and the Lily, which seems to me must be but little known or there would be no question as to our national flower. F. S. R.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

[Legends are part of the poetry of life. And like poetry in general, they have a moral atmosphere, a breath of spiritualizing sentiment that is needed in our high pressure civilization. The American is intensely practical, as you say, and there is great danger that in the over development of this side of his nature there may be an atrophy of sweetness and sentiment.

In the latter part of his life Charles Darwin expressed deep regret that in his over-concentration in his scientific research he had permitted his love of poetry and music to so degenerate that reading of even the best poets and listening to the finest music were alike distasteful to him. A very slight daily exercise of this part of his mind would have afforded him rest and recreation without really interfering with his scientific work.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The article in a recent issue by Mr. William George Jordan, "Supreme Charity of the World, is worth its weight in gold. From the standpoint of drink alone, how many moderate drinkers have been sent to hell by their friends (supposed to be) shunning them and judging too harshly where a kind word might have been the means of their redemption. I have in my mind a man who was a moderate drinker; what drinking he did was caused by his work being mostly with the drinking class. Through the judgment of his friends and the cruel actions of his wife he at last became an outcast and a drunkard, wo just long enough to get money to kill his sorrow with drink.

One cold, stormy night he went to the engine-house of a large foundry to beg money for drink; he was perfectly wild for liquor. The chief engineer, who was a Christian, took him and gave him a warm supper, and then little by little learned the story of his life. It was the first kindness the drunkard had known for months, and when the engineer offered him a home and work if he would leave liquor alone, he accepted. It was a hard fight and a long one, but he conquered at last.

Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. H. E. A.

[John B. Gough used to tell a similar story of his own rescue from drink. Though he had struggled and failed many times, a grasp of the hand and a few kind words of human sympathy at the moment when he most needed help gave him strength to conquer himself. The indirect influence of the words of kindly fellowship through Gough's efforts saved thousands. If "Judge Not" societies could be organized throughout the country, each member pledging himself to live day by day in the spirit of "the supreme charity of the world," untold good could be accomplished.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In his editorial, Is Civilization Really Worth While? Rev. Frank Crane says, "It is a good thing that the Chinese and Japanese, under the touch of Western life, are awakening to become one of us." Now self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and that heathens (?) should follow this law [illegible]

The application of civilization to the Chinese and Japanese must inaugurate a complete change in their life and all that it implies. Are we qualified to pass judgment on a nation that prescribes self-isolation as a means of preservation?

It appears that the eternal fitness of things has established characteristic nations as denied as characteristic individuals. Jesus addressed His Sermon on the Mount to the living world. What He expressed verbally was breathed spiritually on the moulded dust that the Creator fashioned after His own image. I think this same potential principle unconsciously impels the heathen to their forms and manners of life. There may be many versions of, but only one meaning to, the precept, "Love one another." Reader.

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

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THE MATTERHORN AND CALVARY

By AMORY H. BRADFORD

A PYRAMID of snow and rock rises the Matterhorn this second Sunday in August. Not a cloud flecks the horizon. Against the still blue the "weathered spire" stands in lonely and majestic bas-relief. Glaciers plow its flanks, but its sides are too steep for ice long to remain upon them. From them flow cataracts in ceaseless torrents; down them fall avalanches in awful thunder.

And the Matterhorn is not alone. Not far away stands Monte Rosa, shining like silver. In clear view are the Weisshorn, Dent Blanc, Breithorn, and a host of lesser peaks; but the Matterhorn is chief among the Alpine giants.

I attended the little English chapel at Hotel Riffel. Also this morning, and after the service and the sermon remained for the Supper of the Lord. It was peculiarly solemn. When we had eaten the bread and tasted the wine we came out, and facing us rose that glorious Matterhorn. These were the thoughts that it suggested.

The same hand that carved that crest caused the face of the Jungfrau to shine like light, and laid a crown snow-white on the brow of Mont Blanc. And the Alps are small when compared with the Andes, and the Andes inferior to the Himalayas. Strength, sovereignty, awful and unapproachable grandeur are manifested in all those mountains; and if such qualities belong to the thing created, what words can describe the Person who packed those snows and lifted above them that glorious spire? The Matterhorn reveals the power of God. But is that all there is of God?

There is no hint of sympathy among those rocks. If any one falls there he is dashed in pieces; if any one sleeps there he never wakes again; if the clouds shut one in there no midnight is so terrible. Is that mountain a complete revelation of God? If so, this is a horrible universe. Then every one who makes a mistake is doomed and whosoever falls is dashed in pieces. Is there nothing to God but power, and laws which are only the tracks along which power moves? Then our lives are miserable indeed, for we are not only doomed, but every day conscious of our doom.

Some way that awful and lonely peak connects itself with the Holy Supper which we this morning celebrated in that little English chapel.

In the chapel we worshiped God on Calvary, out here we worship God on the Matterhorn. I have heard such strange things said about it that Calvary has sometimes seemed more cruel and awful than the mountain before which I am sitting. Let me once more turn my own eyes toward it. What do I see? A hill not very high; a savage instrument of torture, a man dying. His only crime is too much love. He appears like other men, but He has not been like other men, for He has had but one object, and that to make all understand that the Being behind Nature is beneficent and fatherly, that no one is alone, forgotten or cast off; that the universe is in the hands of love, and that all men should live in and for love. His loyalty to this truth has brought Him where He is. When we turn toward Calvary we never think of the hill, but only of the man, and the man reveals pure love as the Matterhorn pure power.

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When I face the glory of Nature—the blue sky, the procession of the stars, the majesty of the mountains, the vastness of the ocean, I always wonder how mechanical ideas of the work of that Man of Calvary ever came into being. They are expedients for satisfying a little god. But the God who is great enough to raise the Matterhorn must be too great to be satisfied with the schemes which men have invented to reconcile their modes of thought with His infinity.

Approach the two mountains in exactly the same spirit. Both reveal God; the one His power, awful, august and infinite; the other His love, embracing enemies, reaching to death, rejoicing in death, and never failing. And the two revelations are but one.

The Matterhorn is needed to interpret Calvary, and Calvary is required to interpret the Matterhorn. Power without love is cruel; love without power is useless. In God both are united, infinite and endless. "His mercy endureth forever."

The Old Testament is the revelation of power; the New Testament contains the revelation of love, and both are needed before we can begin to grasp the meaning of human life's mystery.

MRS. PARKHURST'S INTERFERENCE

By Octave Thanet

THE Widow Parkhurst keeps the favorite steel workers' boarding-house in Edgewater. A good house it is, too, where there are no lumps in the mattresses and always plenty of gravy for the meat. In fact, as a cook Mrs. Parkhurst is *great!*

It is well known that Patsy Dodd, the quirkest-tempered man on the eight-inch mill, once went to supper of a Saturday night vowing that he would be bossed by no living woman; and nobody should tell him how many drinks to take; and he was going to Mrs. Brittain's that very night—he was by—all that was holy; and yet after supper and Mrs. Parkhurst's famous Maryland stew, he went forth, not to Mrs. Brittain's, but to the marts, and meekly offered his landlady apologies and a dazzling assemblage of a tall, thin jug and six short, fat tumblers of blue glass embossed with white birds, on a blue glass tray.

Even Mrs. Brittain, who keeps the rival hostelry, admits that no living woman can make so much out of two chickens as Mrs. Parkhurst. "But I niver did take to necks an' cows' tails an' livers," says she loftily. "I gives my boys hot biscuits three times a day, an' good steaks an' pork, an' *whole* chickens whin I kin afford it! I dawno *how* to cook mate wanst for soup an' twicet for mate, an' mess it up with dumplin's, an' make folks belave they're full of mate whin they're only kinder bloated-like with flour an' wather! But I ain't denyin' Johan Parkhurst kapes a good table, an' she's rale clane. But she do like to boss, an' some boys ain't overly cravin' bossin'. But I ain't sayin' a wurrd: I hope her boys is satisfied; *mine* is, anyhow! My rooms is full, an' I guess she ain't got more'n wan or two to most empty."

Nor can it be denied that Mrs. Brittain (although she exaggerates) has a backing of fact for her charges about the "bossing." Mrs. Parkhurst is at times something of a despot. There is the story of Dannie Egan and the strand boys' strike, for example. Some people think that she interfered. I may as well tell it, leaving you to judge.

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Dannie Egan, son of old Patsy Egan, who was killed at his switch by a runaway engine, was a strand boy at the Edgewater Steel Works. He was quick, ambitious and nimble as a whip lash—a good workman, every inch of him. He was nineteen years old, and he had fallen in love with Nora Waters, who was waitress at St. Elizabeth's Hall and had charge of the principal's room, and was highly regarded by the housekeeper.

Dannie was a good boy many ways, and never was there a boy readier with his money for any one in distress. He seldom missed writing once a month to his mother, who lived with his brother on a farm. He was a lad of his word, and he never put poor iron off on any one else. But he was as free with his fists as with his money, and he thought himself more important to the world at large, and the Edgewater Steel Works in particular, than was justified by the facts. Some boys are that way.

His opinion of his own consequence led him to advise the harrow-boys to refuse the piece work for six cents a hundred, offered them in exchange for day work. It may seem to the outsider that for a man who has been getting a dollar and thirty cents a day to be offered piece work for which with diligence he can earn between two and three dollars, is an advance. But this is as you view it. Dannie told the harrow-boys on the eight-inch that harrow-teeth cutters got eight cents a hundred at Hollister's, and why shouldn't they get the same?

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When the Superintendent—as is the duty of Superintendents—spoke to the boys fair and wanted them to wait for his answer, it was Dannie, again, who told them they were no bluffers, and jeered them into walking out before the answer (for which they had promised to wait) came. They were deeply grieved when the Superintendent declared that this lack of strike etiquette had made their jobs vacant, and promptly filled their places.

Dannie called the new men "scabs," and fought the biggest of them, who gave him a black eye before they were parted. A foolish person said to a foolish listener who laughed, that "Dan got the hot end of the bar that time," at which Dannie would have fought the railers, but they were grown men, one a roller and one a rougher, deeming it below their dignity to put up their fists at a boy. They said things about his size (Dannie is short)—things that made tears of rage sting his eyeballs.

"Little kids like you better not be meddlin' with strikes!" said Swift, the roller, in conclusion.

"I'll show him!" thought Dannie furiously, all the crosser that he had missed the car and was walking home. "I'll show him I can git up a strike if I want to."

Dannie had a fluent tongue, and he knew the other boys on his mill; it was no trick at all to induce them to strike to support the harrow boys. They walked out that same day. This was the condition of things when Dodd dropped a hint of the trouble to Mrs. Parkhurst. Dodd was not in good humor.

"They're actin' like bloomin' jacks," says he, "an' don't you forgit it! Them boys don't even know the regulations of a strike. Talk about non-union mills not havin' strikes—why, a decent mill with a decent Mill Committee can't have a strike less'n everybuddy wants to kick; but here a half-dozen boys that had oughter be spanked, kin git up on their ear an' stop a mill whenever they git the big head, an' most boys has that chronic! I'd think the old man would jest send in his card to the Amalgamated an' say, '*Here!* I was a wand'rin' sheep; I didn't know the fold! Lemme in!' an' then if he had a fight he'd have the rules of the ring, not this here gougin' an' pullin'-hair kind of fights these black sheep fellers, who ain't never worked outside this town in their lives, put up—quittin' before they got their answer, savin' they won't work with scabs, an' then before they know whether they got to work with scabs runnin' off like a mad dog. It makes me tired in my back!"

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Mrs. Parkhurst was in her parlor mending Dannie Egan's best coat. She had not only mended it, but sponged and pressed it; and it was as good as new. Her eyes followed its fine straight lines with admiration as she shook it out, and she only languidly questioned: "Well, I guess the boys'll go back in a day or two, won't they?"

"Not if the strand-boys strike on the other mills, too; that'll shet 'em all up; an' I heard Dannie braggin' that it would shet down the Hollister an' the Cochrane, too, for they're awful rushed with orders, an' awful short of steel! The little rats have chose their time well," chuckled Dodd; "I can't deny that; an' yet it's kinder foolish, too; for we're runnin' full time, an' everybody's makin' big wages; an' if the other mills put up wages the Edgewater's bound to foller, an' this'll muddle everythin'. It's jest touch an' go, I guess, whether we have a awful big strike an' lose a awful lot of money, or jest a flash in the pan. I guess, myself, the Edgewater *dassent* give in to them boys; 'cause if they do there'll be no holdin' 'em. So we're in for the strike, worse luck to 'em!"

"My land!" breathed Mrs. Parkhurst. Her mind ran rapidly over the pages of a certain little book wherein she kept her accounts; how many boys were behind; how many would be behind were their wages to stop. She looked at the vacant space in the wall where now stood a black walnut "what-not," of which the chief ornament was a Rogers group of The Last Shot, and the gift of Dodd; his vacant space was dedicated in her plans to a new cabinet organ. No cabinet organ would come to her house if she must feed improvident boys on a strike. Her single comment was: "I s'pose you men are jest layin' back an' lettin' the boys play smash."

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"What kin we do? We can't work without strand boys."

"An' if the Company was to git other boys you would refuse to work with scabs, hey?"

Dodd screwed his mouth and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, it ain't pleasant workin' with scabs—they spoil the stuff."

"I guess if, instead of scabs, they was raw hands, you'd manage; besides, they might know how. If they was the best men, would it make any difference?"

Dodd admitted that he "didn't like to work 'longside a scab, anyhow; a feller that would take another feller's job was too dirty mean to live."

"Humph," grunted the landlady; "it looks to me like it's a pretty dirty mean trick to run a lot of men outen a job, hundreds, an' maybe thousan's; but I guess the fact is, you'd ruther *be* dirty mean than be called it! Who's at the bottom of it all?"

"Dannie, of course; an' Swift he says he's sick of them boys tryin' to run the mill, an' he's goin' to lay 'em out if they *are* jest kids, next word one of 'em gives him. He told Dannie boys like him better not be meddlin' with strikes. Nor they oughtn't, neither. I'm 'bout ready to lick a boy 'bout Dannie's size myself!"

Mrs. Parkhurst was a little wiry woman, with black eyes that could snap. She had inherited an aptitude for sewing as well as cooking, and always protected her tidy skirts by a long, stiffly starched, immaculate white apron. When she was moved, her thin hands would clutch and rumple the white linen, while her eyes would snap. Dodd noticed two patches of wrinkles on her apron, although she spoke in the gentlest of voices. In general, Johanna Parkhurst's voice was pitched to be heard in a crowded dining-room; she spoke in clear, high tones that had a sparkle in them; when Johanna spoke very low and soft the room always hushed itself; it was a danger signal.

Dodd's eyes widened. He was enough of a blunderer to mumble: "Say, I guess I wouldn't say nothin' to Dannie if I was you; he—he mightn't like it!"

"I don't know's I care much what he likes." Mrs. Parkhurst spoke slowly, with extreme distinctness.

"Oh, well, I didn't mean no harm, Mrs. Parkhurst; but if—if he says anythin' rude to you, or uses any swear words or rough talk, I'd take it as a compliment if you'd give me the job of lickin' the hide offen him!"

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Dodd spoke in a deep sincerity which Johanna recognized by a relaxing of her stern face; she almost smiled as she answered: "You needn't be 'fraid of me an' Dannie. He ain't a mean boy; but trouble is, he lost his father 'fore he was nine, an' he's missed too many whippin's. It ain't good for a boy to git to wearin' a man's hat too soon. The big head's all the matter of Dannie. You boys leave him to me."

"All right; you got us behind you," Dodd assured her heartily; "you say!"

"Well, all I got to say is, tell the boys not to talk with them boys; let 'em know you think they've made a mess of it. *They* think they're bigger'n Admiral Dewey. I'll 'tend to Dannie!"

"If you can you'll do a big job," said Dodd grimly, as he went away to seek his friend, Swift, the roller.

He had not been gone ten minutes before Dannie himself strolled into the room. His blue-gray eyes were shining out of the long, curled lashes, which gave a touch of melancholy and gentle languor to those brilliant Irish eyes. He could not keep the grins away from his mouth or the dimples from playing in his cheeks. He was a square-shouldered, squat figure, stunted by his working too hard and too early, but full to the brim of an insolent [illegible]

"Well," says Dannie, "has Papa Dodd been tellin' you his hard luck tale, how we've stopped the mill?"

"Will you have a seat, Dannie?" said Mrs. Parkhurst in her gentlest tone; "an' I hope

"They're actin' like bloomin' jacks," says he

you haven't caught cold again, that you have to wear your hat in the house."

Dannie, a little dampened, removed his hat and ran his hand through his thick, black hair to get it smoother.

"You was speakin' of the mill, Dannie, you was shuttin' it down, was you?"

"You bet. Goin' to shet all the mill."

"Won't they maybe send you off?"

"Not they. You see, it takes six months to make a strand boy; and they're a sight too busy. Oh, we've got 'em this time. They got to send them scabs off; and when they done that, they got to raise our wages 'fore they see us back. Don't you worry; we got 'em runnin'! The roughers are a scared lot; but they'll see in a week. Then maybe they'll give in we know a thing or two; I shouldn't wonder they'll be strikin' on their own account."

An' the Company an' Mr. Jabez Rivers; they'll let you hit 'em, an' say, 'Thank you!'"

"They can't help themselves, they're jest crowded with work."

Mrs. Parkhurst looked at the wall where the cabinet organ ought to stand. She swallowed once or twice, but her voice was as [illegible] as ever, although she was actually holding the pleat her nervous hands had made in her apron.

"I was jest thinkin' this mornin', Dannie," she said, "about the hot summer of '96, an' how the men was so 'fraid the Edgewater would have to shet down; they was losin' a thousan' dollars a day or so, an' the old man he put up his own money; it would 'a' been rather hard for the Company to have put down wages an' squeezed you jest then—they could!"

"I guess Rivers knew what he was about, he wasn't doin' no missionary job."

•

"If he done it for gratitude, he missed his guess. An' do you remember, Dannie, how awful glad you was to have your wages to send to your ma; you 'most cried you was so glad. An' she needed 'em, too. An' when you got burned, do you mind how you was in a awful way 'bout losin' your wages, for you knowed you was keerless, an' how Mr. Swift he says to young Mr. Randall, 'He's a good boy, helpin' his mother; I guess he was all right,' an' young Mr. Randall he nodded an' said you better have your wages, so you got 'em? It seems to me it's kinder nice of the Company payin' your doctor bills an' your wages when you git hurted——"

"They don't pay——" Dannie had begun to scowl, because he had never before heard the story about Swift and Randall. The youngest member of the Company (commonly known as "The Kid") was a favorite with all the men; but Swift, the roller, was Dannie's hero; what Swift couldn't do was hardly worth a sane steel worker's notice. Swift did not know that he had a worshiper in Dannie, but he had, therefore his sarcasm had cut to the quick, and it was to show Swift what he could do that Dannie was stirring up strife at such a brisk rate; he hardened his heart and raised his voice: "They don't pay; they're insured."

•

"Oh, the insurance company does it for nothing, then?"

"Well, we pay some ourselves; an' anyhow, all the shops round here does it. It's no more than fair."

"An' it's no more than fair when employers are decent to the men, the men should be decent to the employers, an' not treat folks that is decent the same way they treat the ones that would squeeze out your immortal soul if they could. You eight boys is makin' the Company lose thousan's an' thousan's of dollars——"

Dannie grinned. "We are that! Jest we eight boys."

Mrs. Parkhurst's eyes snapped; but she looked at the wall, she took a firmer grip on the apron fold; she spoke more slowly and distinctly:

"An' you think you're awful smart, but it don't take much smartness to do mischief; any boy kin set fire to a barn if he's bad enough; an' 'twas nothin' but a cow burned down the hull big city of Chicago. Dannie, child, have you considered; you ain't real wicked an' heartless—you're jest a boy! Jest a meddlin' an' playin' with fire! An' you don't know. Oh, you needn't swell up an' bristle! You know I took good care of you when you got the burn, an' I think an awful lot of you. But I'm going to put it plain. Dannie, the Company *won't* give in an' send them men off; an' they're right, too; after they've hired men they got to stand by 'em. I dare say, though, they'll take the harrer boys back an' give the other fellows a job somewhere else in the mill. But they won't give in to you. *They dassent!*

•

"Now, what'll happen? You will shet down the shops, an' shet down Hollister's an' Cochrane's, too. There'll be a lot of sufferin' if there's a big strike. You ain't too young to remember the strike at Cochrane's. The Burnses—your father knew Jimmie Burns well: a nice man he was, too, but he got to drinkin' durin' that strike—they had a little put by in the savin's bank, an' it nearly killed him to have to spend it; so he took to drink. She's a nice woman, an' the children are nice too—why, ain't Billy the second boy on the eight-inch? Of course he is; an' his mother depends on his wages; for Jim never got broke of drinkin' once he started, an' he's out of work oftener than he's workin', good carpenter as he is! They never got back to what they was before that strike."

Dannie had an uncomfortable remembrance of the jeers which he had used to prod Billy Burns' flagging courage into revolt; Billy did say his mother wanted to buy Annie a white dress for her first communion, and Billy had promised her five dollars and given only one; and Easter was week after next. But of course they would be back some time next week. Mrs. Parkhurst was trying to coax him; he wasn't going to be coaxed; he'd show Swift, and he'd show Nora, too, that he was somebody. He did not say this distinctly, but it was all a

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confused twitching at his nerves. Again he scowled.

He told Mrs. Parkhurst, "Never you mind 'bout Billy; Billy an' me can attend to our own job." Much dignity was in his mien; his hands were in his pockets, where his last two nickels made a dismal jingle.

"I suppose Swift is fixed very well," pursued Mrs. Parkhurst, as one rather thinking aloud than talking, "though no matter how well off you are you don't like to lose money"—Dannie winced, for he had not thought of his hero losing money—"an' I ain't going to press Dodd for his board; he'll pay me when he can. But I *am* sorry for George Simons, with that little girl in the hospital; he pays eight dollars a week for her. It'll come hard; they'll have to sell somethin'. An' I don't know *what* Ambrose Ripley'll do! The baby ain't but three days old, an' she ain't doing overly well, an' there's four more.

"Who else is roughers on the eight-inch that I know? Is Oscar—yes, I know he is; his wife told me, 'fore she died, 'bout it. My gracious! I do hope that Oscar won't git to drinkin' again! I was 'fraid as could be he would after she died. 'Oscar,' says I, 'whatever you do with your grief, don't you drown it!' 'I got the children,' says he. An' he hasn't. But he'll be tempted more if there's a strike. An' the Bremers are jest moved into their new house an' ain't paid for it; an' Hentzell, that's heater on the twelve-inch, he's tryin' to start his oldest boy in the grocery business. I don't know but it's as bad on them that's laid up as on them that's poor. Say, is Wesley Baker's brother, with the diphtheria, well?"

"No," said Dannie sulkily.

"Any the others got it?"

"Yes, there's three down; but they give 'em anti-tox*zine* an' they don't think anybody but the baby'll die. 'Wes.' is at Mrs. Brittain's."

"But I guess he's sendin' his wages; is his pa workin'?"

"No; he's got the diphtheria."

"My goodness gracious!" exploded Mrs. Parkhurst, flinging her apron to the winds, "an' you got that poor child to lose his wages when they need 'em like that! Dannie Egan! Are you gone clean out of your wits? Ain't you got no *heart?* Boys *are* little demons, an' no mistake!"

•

The figure opposite her stiffened and Dannie set his jaw. He did not consider himself a boy, much less a little demon. And he wasn't going to be bossed by a woman.

Suddenly Mrs. Parkhurst looked at him with the tears in her sharp eyes. Only once before, when his little sister was drowned, and the landlady told him, had he ever heard the note that sounded in her voice. "My poor lad, you don't know—you *can't* know what you're doin'. The Company dassent give in; if *you* don't, there will be an awful big strike—over jest nothin'. A strike's war, I heard once; an' a great General said, 'War's hell!' Dannie, it is. So's a strike. Dannie, if there's sufferin' an' fightin', an' the wives cryin' at home, an' the children wantin' things an' not gittin' 'em, an' trouble in houses, an' harsh words, an' bad, bitter feelin's growin', an' maybe (for these things never stop where you meant 'em) the police out an' men shootin', and the coffin going out of the door instead of the man to his work.

"Dannie, are you eight boys—no, I don't say you boys, for you know they are all led as you please—*now*, are *you* willin' to take what will happen: sorrow an' tears—an' maybe *death*—on your soul? For, 'fore God, Dannie, there's where it will rest if you don't stop this now, while you can. Next week, maybe, you can't stop it; it'll have gone beyond you. Dannie, your father was an honest man, killed while he was tryin' to do his duty. Is his son goin' to have worse sufferin', more blood an' tears an' lost souls to answer for than the wickedest man they ever hung in this county?"

•

There was a natural rough eloquence, a crude magnetism, and, above all, the vast power of a deadly earnestness about the pleader. She had forgotten all about the petty self-interest which had impelled her at first. In her little sphere she was a born leader. And it was as much because of her sensitive, ever-ready sympathy as her strong will. She had risen; and her eyes burned down into Dannie's.

There was not a man in the house whom she would not have moved—but Dannie was a boy. Men have a background of their own experience to which one can appeal; they are touched by suffering like that which they have known; their imaginations are enlightened by what they have felt; but boys are too busy being themselves and flinging aside any hand that would restrain them to be touched except vaguely by troubles which they have not known and which they cannot measure. Yet it would not be true to say that Dannie was not moved. He felt uneasy, awkward, surprisingly abashed, and—a most strange sensation for him—a little scared.

•

He was like a child that has unwittingly started a great engine; who trembles and grins at the same time at the groans and the whirr and the snarling wheels of the monster let loose! Dannie told me, himself, in a calmer moment afterward, that he wasn't sure where he was at, and he wanted to make a sneak, and have it out somewhere with himself. "So, of course," explained Dannie, "there wasn't nothin' for it but to put up a great big bluff at her, an' I jest says: 'That's all right, Mrs. Parkhurst. That's your way of thinkin'. Women an' men see things different. If the Edgewater folks don't want all this dreadful time you're talkin' about, let 'em give in an' fire the scabs. It's up to them. If they don't give in they'll git licked good an' plenty; an' we'll git enough out of 'em to pay for our losin' a few days.'"

And herewith Dannie got on his feet and swaggered out of the room.

Mrs. Parkhurst held her breath; then her eyes caught sight of something on the floor beside Dannie's chair, and she smiled austerely. At first she bent over it as if to lift it; but smiling again, she muttered: "No; best not let him 'spose I noticed." A sigh came on the heels of the smile as she went about her duties, Dannie's coat on her arm. She was thinking: "Well, 'I didn't find him where he lived,' as the boys say, an' yet, maybe I did, too—a little. He hain't ready to give up; oh, no; but maybe he's ready to be *made* to quit!"

After she was gone, Dannie entered cautiously and picked up his hat.

•

Dannie's experience that afternoon was irritating. Being a Saturday, the factories had closed early and he saw a great many of the boys. The young fellows made him very cheerful with treats and jocose congratulations, but he got only sour looks from the older men, and the climax was reached when Swift passed him with a surly nod, saying, in passing, to his companion: "There's a boy I thought big things of, an' he's jest another hot-headed, meddlin' little fool!"

"What!" yelled Dannie

Swift had never looked so tall, so handsome. At the corner Dannie saw "the old man," the President of the Company, who was driving by, pause to say something to Swift. Swift and the other man both laughed. Then they looked back over their shoulder at Dannie. And they laughed again—a disagreeable laugh. Dannie was sure that they were laughing at him! He so wanted to fight them that the blood tingled in every vein. He also wanted to cry, which was ridiculous. It was just because he happened to remember a time when Swift had a big Washington pie in his dinner pail and gave him some; but he would show Swift! Still quivering with rage and wounded feeling, he almost ran on Dodd. Dodd, who is a big man, caught him and held him at arm's length, studying him while he raged.

"Steady, now!" said Dodd. "No doubt you kids own the town; but I've got the right to walk on the sidewalk, an' it wouldn't take but a mighty little sass from you to make me finish Tim Durgan's whaling."

"He didn't whale me."

"No? Well, let that pass. Are you boys goin' back Monday an' ask for your jobs again, or can't you make 'em?"

"I ain't goin' to try."

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Dodd released him with a sniff. "That's how, is it? Well, I thought they'd git beyond you. Next time, sonny, you sick a dog on, find out whether you kin call him back." And Dodd, too, left the arrow to rankle while he passed on.

But after all, the worst was a private grief. He had one glimpse of Nora in a shining buggy beside Ed Purcell, who was in Bagley's department store, at the perfumery counter. If there was one man in the world that Dannie wanted to kill it was Ed Purcell, whose father was nothing but a rooster at Hollister's and yet who put on airs. This was the second time that he had seen Purcell with Nora. They did not see him; really he could not expect Nora to see through the back of her head, but any one who has been in love will understand why he was angry. All at once he ground his teeth; he had promised Nora to take her that evening to a wedding, and he hadn't engaged the buggy yet. Well, the fact was, he had quarreled with one livery stable keeper, and the other, a stranger, demanded cash payments, and two nickels will not hire a buggy.

•

That morning Mrs. Parkhurst had said something about letting him have her brother's new buggy which was in her keeping, there being a stable in her yard and none in her brother's. But relations seemed a little strained to ask the free loan of buggies. No, he would go on the street cars—if he could borrow ten cents more. He would go, and he would wear his new lavender-striped trousers and his red cravat, and show Nora he could look as nice as any counter-jumper. And where was the counter-jumper who could shut down a big mill? It was not so easy as he had expected to borrow the modest quarter which he decided to ask, rather than a dime; but one of the strand-boys on the eight-inch loaned it to him. It was Wesley Baker, and he hated to take it. Wesley looked up to Dannie even as Dannie looked up to Swift. Therefore it was embarrassing to have him aidle up after they had parted and murmur (with a little creak in his voice), "The strike ain't going to last long, is it?"

"I can't tell 'bout strikes," returned Dannie gruffly. "I think they're a-runnin'; but how can I tell?"

"You—say, you don't think we better look round an' ask for our jobs again? I guess we could git 'em. An'—don't be mad, Dannie—we're in awful trouble up home; my mother's been cryin' 'bout it all the afternoon. They do need my wages."

"Take your quarter back!" snapped Dannie, flinging it at him. "You can be a scab if you want to; I won't!"

•

He marched off in a fury, pursued by Wesley, who vowed that he would stick it out, and begged Dannie to take the money.

Dannie softened; he said that it was all right; but he couldn't bring himself to take the money. In the end he went to the boarding-house without it.

"It's settled," said Dannie. "I won't call off the strike now if they all get down on their knees to beg me." It will be seen that Dannie was angry as a flouted prophet. He felt that the world needed a thrashing and he was willing to be the executioner. The fountains of compassion were sealed.

"You never kin move him!" Dodd mourned to Mrs. Parkhurst.

"Can't I?" said the landlady. As she spoke she closed her lips firmly.

"I hope she ain't neglected supper, being so riled," Dodd remarked to a fellow-boarder.

"Wait till next week!" was the darkling response of the boarder, who had been

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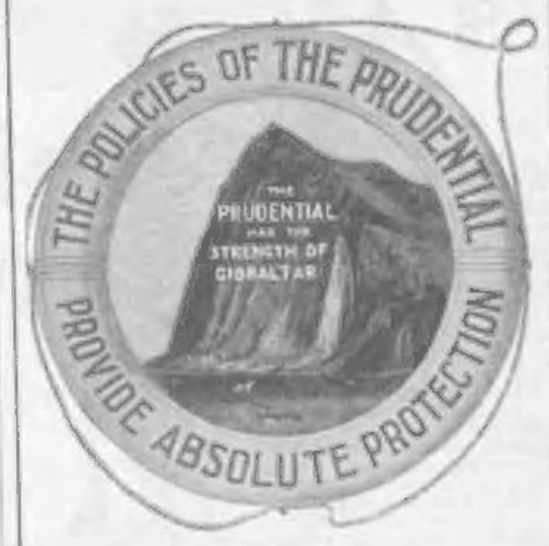

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Dr. Rowbottom on Bread

He says bread should often be called the "staff of death" instead of the "staff of life"

Few men have made more successful experiments along the line of "health foods" than the eminent English physician: his statement that bread may sometimes be called the "staff of death" is therefore entitled to serious consideration.

Professor Rowbottom points out that ordinary "white" flour bread is very largely starch, which is more difficult of digestion than the entire wheat, and which tends to bring dyspepsia, ossification, rigidity, decrepitude and an early old age. Furthermore, he holds that the mineral elements and phosphates—the strength-giving food properties of the wheat kernel—being dark colored, are the very properties lost in the effort to make flour "white." Therefore, he claims "we may call bread the 'staff of death' with as much justice as we call it the 'staff of life.'"

Those who eat bread, however, need not be worried, for this same eminent authority asserts that "bread made from the entire wheat flour may, with all justice, be considered the 'staff of life' in consideration of the amount of nutritious matter it contains."

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through strikes before; "an' you can't kick, neither, when she's carrying you, an' you got no money an' no place to go."

Dodd only answered by a hollow groan. He was fond of good eating.

However, Mrs. Parkhurst had not neglected the supper. It was one of her triumphs. Dannie himself felt a faint lifting of the cloud when pressed for a second help of pork pie, and he absently ate three plum tarts, restricting Dodd to two.

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He did not tarry in the parlor after supper. Mrs. Parkhurst, however, instead of helping with the dishes, as was her kindly custom, went to the parlor and sat down in the machine rocker, a gift from a grateful boarder whose wife had learned cooking from her. She did not usually sit in the machine rocker, which is a little lopsided, and some people think that the spring is broken, but this does not affect its ornamental presence, nor dim the brightness of its red plush and yellow silk sides. It only makes Mrs. Parkhurst prefer the simpler and more solid wicker rocking-chair that she bought herself. To-night she sat in the machine chair—not merely sat, but rocked. Every man in the room felt that she was agitated. Yet she looked calm.

There was a kind of hush in the room. Dodd looked over a photograph album,

—but he was in time for more things than the wedding

breathing heavily. The others looked at Mrs. Parkhurst. So Dannie had his audience ready when he burst into the room.

"Mrs. Parkhurst," said Dannie ferociously, "do you know where's my best clothes?"

"I do, Dannie," said Mrs. Parkhurst. She crumpled the front of her dress and spoke in a gentle tone. Dodd's breathing was audible.

"Oh, that's all right then," said Dannie, making an effort at a polite voice.

"It *is* all right, Dannie; I have attached them clothes."

"*What!*" yelled Dannie.

"Not so loud, Dannie. I ain't at all deef. I have attached them because you are owing me for board; an' goin' on strike like you are, it ain't likely you'll be able to pay for some time; an' meanwhile you'll have to eat. I can't let you boys starve, if you are unwise." (Grateful murmur from the others present, who had had uneasy doubts regarding their future.) "Nor I don't propose to make no difference in the table." (Enthusiastic and irrepressible chuckle from the others, instantly suppressed by politeness.) "Thank you, boys; I know when I got good boarders."

Mrs. Parkhurst paused. She had secured the sympathy of her hearers, and felt able to take breath, continuing presently in her ordinary clear voice: "But I got to have some security from foolish an' rash persons who don't care how much sorrer an' sufferin' they bring on others, so they carry their point——"

•

"Meanin' me?" Dannie struck in.

"Meanin' you. I have never had a boarder I thought so much of or I believed would do me more credit; an' I feel—well, never mind how I feel to find you jest bent on rule or ruin."

"That's right. Kids don't care how much trouble they make." The speaker was a silent man, never known to edge into a conversation before; he blushed at the loud and general assent. Dannie glared from one unfriendly face to another. "I got to have my clothes," said he doggedly, "an' I will have 'em if I have to call on the cops!"

"Oh, will you?" said Dodd. Everybody laughed. They laughed unpleasantly.

"I got an engagement with a young lady," appealed Dannie. "I don't know what made you boys turn on me like that; I thought you was friends of mine." His lip trembled, for the lad's nerves were all unstrung. In spite of his anger against the landlady he felt a throb of gratitude as her strong pipe sounded above the laughter. "And so they are, Dannie; so we all are; but you ain't been actin' right, an' you know it. I know all about that engagement, an' I know if you don't come you'll find it mighty hard explainin'. There are folks that have told tales of you, like as if you were jest a wild boy, an' got into trouble. No, Dannie, what I advise you is jest to git them clothes an' go up—in my brother's buggy. It's all hitched an' ready; ain't it, Mr. Dodd?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Dodd grinning.

"I advise you to take them clothes out of pawn right straight, an' *go*. All you need to do is to promise me that you an' the other boys will ask for your jobs Monday. This foolishness has gone far enough."

"I can't go back on the other boys," growled Dannie.

"You needn't worry 'bout that. If you go now they'll all git their jobs back; if you wait you won't git yours. I've seen all the mothers of the boys an' I've seen Mrs. Brittain, an' she ain't goin' to keep the strand-boys if they go out. The boys won't bother you, Dannie. An', Dannie, you remember what I said this afternoon about a strike. My motto is, 'Don't strike till you got right on your side an' are sure to win beside.' You ain't neither this time."

"She's right, Dannie," said Dodd.

Dannie drew a long, hard breath; he remembered the look of old Rivers' shoulders that afternoon, and the way he laughed; he remembered Swift's contempt; he felt himself no longer a hero, but an unlucky, scorned busybody; he wished that he could run away from the Edgewater forever, except—he thought of Nora's gentle eyes. Then into the tumult of his mortified vanity and his anger came Mrs. Parkhurst's voice again.

•

"Dannie, I always said you was a regular sport, an' game, an' when you was beat at anything you jest laughed an' shook hands. You'll feel a lot better all the rest of your life for not fightin' out this strike an' makin' the town too hot to hold you, an' gettin' licked in the end. Say, lemme go up an' git your things?"

Dannie hesitated; they all looked at him. Suddenly he flung back his handsome black head and all his white teeth gleamed. "It's no disgrace to give in to a lady," said he.

"That's right," said the silent man; "put it there!"

Dannie was a little late, but he was in time for more things than the wedding. He is only a boy, and he was obliged to knock up Mrs. Parkhurst and tell her that Nora had promised to marry him next year. "An' I'm obliged to you for lickin' me 'bout that strike," said Dannie; "I knew I was a fool all along. An'—say, Swift shook hands with me; he was there; an'—it's all right between him an' me. Say, ain't he an awful fine man!"

This is the story of the interference of Mrs. Parkhurst. It has no moral, but many results.

• • •

Slang on Our Statute Books

CONGRESS has introduced slang into the statutes of the United States. In Public Act number 107, approved March 1, 1899, being "An Act Making Appropriation for the Service of the Post-Office Department for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1900," authority is given for the employment of "nixie clerks." Very few people outside the Post-Office Department know what that means.

When a mail-carrier fails to find the person to whom a letter or package is addressed, he returns it to the post-office and writes "nixie" on the envelope or the wrapper. This custom has grown up and spread all over the country. Nobody knows how it originated. Some carrier used the slang, and his associates imitated his example, until it got into the statutes of the United States before it made its appearance in the dictionary.

Sometimes an address is misspelled, sometimes the wrong street and number are given, sometimes it is difficult to decipher the writing upon "nixie" packages. When they are returned to the office they are tossed into a box or a basket and delivered to experts who are known as "nixie clerks." They have a peculiar talent for deciphering inscriptions and discovering the secrets of the mails. After examining the "nixie" packages, they are usually able to suggest methods of disposing of the greater part of them. Unless the sender's name is on the outside, the remainder go to the Dead-Letter Office, and their disposition is decided by their contents. In Public Act number 107 the "nixie clerks" are officially recognized for the first time.

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HOW MEN MAKE THEIR FIRST $1000

MICHAEL CUDAHY

BY EDWARD G. WESTLAKE

MICHAEL CUDAHY belongs to that class of rugged, wholesome, self-made men of the West whose names are household words in the homes of thousands.

Eight hours a day in his office, sitting within easy reaching distance of a telegraph operator's desk, is not considered a tiresome task by this millionaire packer. Distributed over several States, the various branches of his business are as completely at his fingertips as the skilled telegrapher can bring them.

Men on 'Change say that Michael Cudahy has less of the spectacular about his personality than any other man who has built up a large fortune dealing in the staples of the Western grazing lands. He can look back over nearly a half-century of hard work and give a reason for every advance he has made.

Mr. Cudahy is a man of generous mould. His early struggles gave him a constitution that is the envy of many thousands of business acquaintances. Tall and bearded, the packer has what close critics would call a genial, open and sincere temperament; yet he can be firm when to say "no" is to mean it. He has learned that it is often wise to think much and say little.

•

Born in 1841—so far back for the West that he calls it a period of "ancient history"—he had no hopes of life at an academy or university. His parents were quite poor, and but nine years were allowed the vigorous lad to enjoy the freedom of childhood. The day he was nine years old he entered the domain of manhood and began his career of toil.

How he accumulated the first $1000 that he could call his own he tersely explains: "Saved it from my wages." With a blunt and impressive frankness Mr. Cudahy says: "I was always a good earner. I have always been a good saver. My first $1000 of capital was put in the bank. I told my wife that it came hard, but the second $1000 would accumulate easier. It did. After getting $2000 I set my limit at $10,000. The latter sum I did save. Not a dollar of it was got in trading. You see, it had not been demonstrated to my satisfaction that I had mastered the science of business.

MICHAEL CUDAHY

"George Metcalf, whom old Milwaukee settlers will remember as one of the earliest big butchers in the Cream City, owned twenty acres of pasture-land out near the Watertown Plank Road, three miles from the city limits. Farmers brought their cattle, hogs and sheep to his place to receive money for them. Mr. Metcalf saw in me a promising lad, and gave me work. Beginning by tending cattle, I was soon put to helping about the slaughter-house, and at the age of twelve proudly boasted that I could kill, skin and dress a bullock as neatly as a veteran butcher. It was the custom of the city butchers to come to the abattoir at sunrise to get the meat. I had to be there. And it so happened that I was one of the last to leave at nightfall. There were no street cars for me to spend my nickels on, and I walked to my work and home again.

•

"Mastering the details of the butcher business, I occupied my time as a wage-earner, giving every dollar of my earnings to my parents until I was twenty-two. Affairs at home then became so comfortable that I began to see my way clear to putting money in the bank for the future. Besides, I had found a house and lot for sale at a sacrifice—$1100—and I had serious ideas of establishing a home for a loved one. My money went into bank until I had saved $650, when I assumed the obligation of paying for the new home.

"In the spring of 1866, when calico was seventy-five cents a yard and the commonest furniture was dearer than rare mahogany now, I married. From this time I date my actual possession of capital. With each $1000 added to the bank account, I registered a vow to prepare to embark in the only business I knew. How I should have fared with my comparatively small capital I can't say. But circumstances arose that changed my plans. Perhaps because I had native ability, a thorough knowledge of the details of the industry, and had been economical and upright in my dealings with men, I attracted the attention of Messrs. Plankington and Armour.

"They put me in control of their packing-house interests, and I gave up the idea of establishing myself in business. My connection with Armour & Co. as a partner, and the development of the Cudahy interests, are known to those who have watched the growth of the packing-house industries."

•

Mr. Cudahy would be reticent about his early struggles for attaining wealth if he thought that young men would believe that he meant to be vainglorious. "No man can accomplish good with money until he learns the real value of it," he says epigrammatically. "The central idea of the talk of a successful business man to the young men who would follow in his footsteps is: 'Every man should save money.' True enough! But every man may not have the traits essential for the foundation of great business careers. Yet the smallest income can be spent foolishly. If a man is getting $1.50 a day he should save fifty cents. A man can reasonably wear but a certain amount of clothes. He can't eat too much without becoming sick. Parsimoniousness is detestable; the exercise of real economy is happiness. Give the body the nourishment it requires and observe temperance in all things, including the purchase of clothing. This is my doctrine.

"Wealth acquired by some men is of but little use to the world. There is a flash in the pan, and a career ends like that of Barney Barnato! I watch the progress of my frugal, economical and painstaking employees. They are the ones to whom I offer advancement. The world realizes that the business man of shiftless action fails. It should apply the same law to the wage-worker. I take it that every employer has an interest in the employee who takes advantage of his opportunity to save. If he doesn't, he misses a big point.

"While it is true, perhaps, that an employee cannot expect to make a million by clerking, he can save without suffering much inconvenience. Free from debt and governed by principle, not by greed, the economical man should succeed in life."

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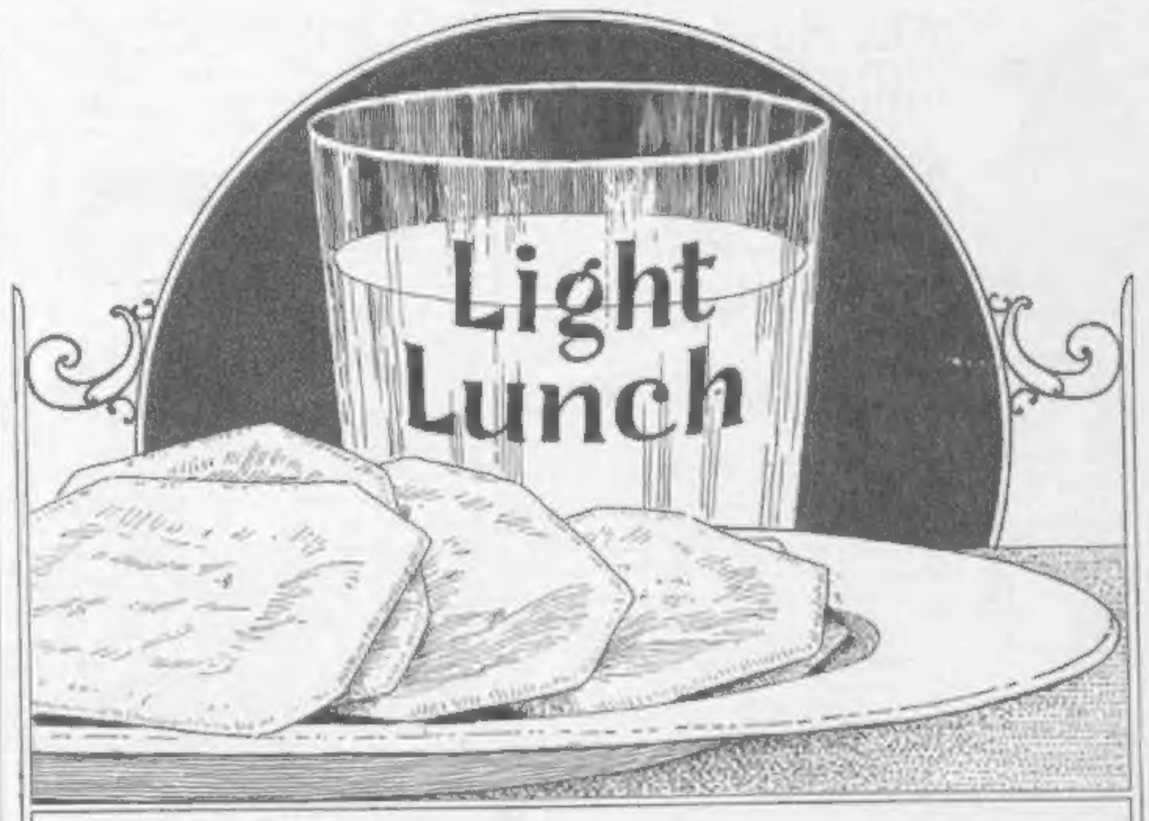
A prominent characteristic in Mr. Cudahy which excites the wonder of his friends is his remarkable vigor and energy. To him this has no mystery. Here is his explanation:

"I make my business my recreation as well as my work, and have done so for years. The man who has the interests of his employer at heart, and takes this view of the matter, has to be told when to stop work. He is too interested in his task to be listening for the quitting-bell. His daily ambition is not to 'knock off' at night, but to do his work and do it well. The moment the happy, ambitious, economical man quits for the day he begins to plan and scheme for himself. Frugality is not as fashionable a virtue as it once was, but it is the stuff of which contentment is made. Look at the Belgians. They're the most contented people of Europe, and frugality and plodding industry are their national characteristics. They have learned how to find genuine pleasure, recreation and pride in their work!"

The millionaire paused to write a telegram, and then delivered one of those epigrams his friends call "nuggets of Cudahy sense."

"There's no monopoly on opportunity. This is particularly true in the United States. When the young workingman grasps this, and the fact that he can put spring and go into his labor by looking at it as recreation, he will not need to have any rich man give him the stale advice: 'I did thus and so; you can do as well.'"



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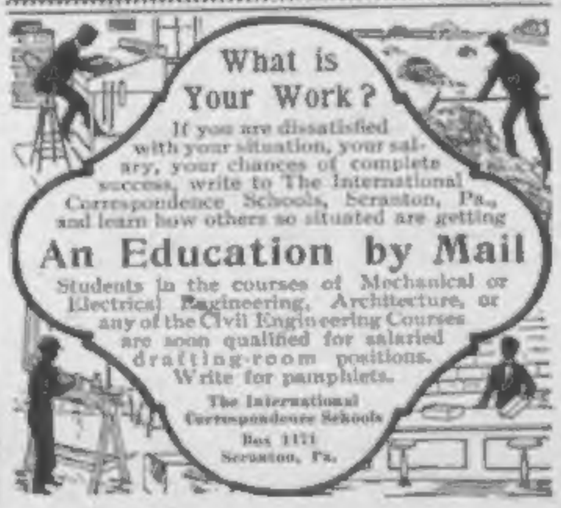
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FICTION OF THE WEEK

MR. W. A. FRASER has a distinct talent for story-telling; not that he always hits the bull's-eye; The Eye of a God, for instance, which gives the title to his volume of short stories (Doubleday & McClure), is not wholly successful.

That the rogue Hpo Thit should steal the great ruby (which is the idol's eye) and fire it from a musket into the body of Valentyne, Superintendent of Police, is a decidedly good beginning; but, unfortunately, the end of the story is not very deftly managed.

The others are better. Djalma, now, is a story in a thousand. It is remarkable for the skill with which a not unusual idea—a stock incident of fiction—is worked out. Djalma was a staunch little Indian pony which won for Captain Lushton the great race at Lucknow, and the prettiest girl in India. It is all in the way it is told, and Mr. Fraser has told it capitally.

On the whole, I think Mr. Fraser is at his best when he writes of the Hudson Bay country, of Father Lacombe and the red men. There is a story of Sweet Grass—a wee mite of a copper-colored Cree—that will haunt you for many a day. The little Indian lad, his savagery and courage, his love for Two Winds, and the "miracle" that made him a Christian, are exceedingly well imagined. The style is good—animated and picturesque—and, altogether, The Eye of a God is an entertaining and satisfactory sort of book.

•

The Wolf's Long Howl (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago) compels attention by sheer freshness of matter and manner. Not in many years has there been a more important contribution to American literature. That is strong praise—and I mean it to be.

Stanley Waterloo belongs in the good company of Hardy and George Moore, and those other serious men of letters for whom literature is something more than a trivial amusement. His great novel, A Man and a Woman—it is not much to the credit of American critics, by the way, that its discovery was left to Mr. Gladstone—should be named among the four best American novels. (The others I leave to you.) It is strong, vigorous—rich with the humanity of the great West. In these short stories you find the same qualities. There is a good deal of the Berserker in Stanley Waterloo. He writes like a pioneer—you seem to hear the ringing of the woodman's ax, and to smell the keen odors of the new forest.

•

And how well he knows men and women! That is where his power lies—in his vivid and varied knowledge of life and character. He is no magician. He is a man who loves humanity and has studied it with keen insight and rare sympathy.

The Wolf's Long Howl is the study of a man who went down into poverty, and came up again better and stronger, as those who dipped in the Pool of Siloam. There are other stories in the book. Read first A Tragedy of the Forest; you will find there an understanding of animal life of which Mr. Kipling, in his brisk, journalistic way, never dreamed. And then read An Easter Admission, with its marvelous description of the woods and the life of the woods.

These stories will be classic some day—as much an inalienable part of American literature as anything Poe or Hawthorne ever wrote. The grim imagination of Christman, 200,000 B. C., is no more beautiful in its way than the quiet realism of the Parasangs—those gentle old lovers.

•

I wish the second story in the book, An Ulm, had been omitted. Subconscious memory—that pest of the man who has read widely—has tricked him into a paraphrase of Maupassant's Vendetta. These are brave, sincere stories, steeped in humanity; their tone is essentially wholesome, manly, tender, and they are literature of a high order. And then they are so well written. Mr. Waterloo is a master of good writing, which is, after all, quiet writing.—*Vance Thompson.*

NOT on the CHART
By Algernon Sydney Logan

FROM all directions come reports of people finding this novel intensely interesting, not being able to lay it aside until finished, etc. Probably, apart from the style and method of treatment, no one element contributes so much to this quality of absorbing interest as the character of Nellie Vance, who seems destined to take her place among the permanent personages of fiction. The following brief extract will give those who have not read the book some idea of the scope and intention of the character:

"As she looked up at him archly, with the half light of a single gas jet playing across her animated and expressive face, she seemed to epitomize the youth of the great city—the youth of obscure multitudes, recipients of its unmixed and unmodified influence, ... a youth of nervous tension, of spasmodic effort and eager unrest, moving upward perhaps, downward if need be, but still striving for change, and so making its life an unconscious arraignment of its condition."

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* * * * *

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"She came close, and holding the lapels of his coat in both hands, gazed long and earnestly into his face, without a word."

(From "NOT ON THE CHART." Nellie's final leave-taking in the old down-town law office.)

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"It impresses one as a faithful representation of what is actually going on around us. Mr. Logan has an original way of saying things."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"A story of New York life from a new point of view."—*New York Mail and Express.*

"The scope of this novel is a wide one, in that, while the action is confined to a few characters, the influences which sway them are the great underlying counter-currents of modern thought."—*Boston Courier.*

"In 'NOT ON THE CHART' Mr. Logan has written an analytical study of life and character in the best modern novelist's vein, being simple in language, excellent in plot, understandable, and possessed of that vitality which insures a more than temporary vogue. . . . The characters of Judah Forbes and Reginald Moulton, and the lessons of life to be drawn from their careers, are certainly moulded of those elements which give a permanency to literature."—*George S. Goodwin in the Philadelphia Item.*

"Although the book, as a whole, is a deep psychological study, the mental analysis never for a moment interferes with the life and movement of an exciting story."—*Albany Journal.*

* * * *

"Algernon Sydney Logan's story impresses keenly the sensibilities, stirring the sympathies and awakening the thinking faculties in a way peculiar to this author. He draws a well-toned picture, well shaded in its intensities."—*Boston Ideas.*

"While the story treats of the struggles and excitements of metropolitan life, the carelessly dissipated butterfly side of city existence is nowhere touched upon. The life depicted is the great living world of reality and of effort, as we see it surging around us day by day."—*Albany Times-Union.*

"The style is vigorous without compression."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"The author makes a subtle study out of his (Forbes') unsatisfied life, with its constant clash of heart and intellect, and the tragical outcome."—*Publisher's Weekly.*

"The curiously perverted mind of the man, which forces him to find secondaloon paths, blinding him the while to the straightforward way, is described with much ability."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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